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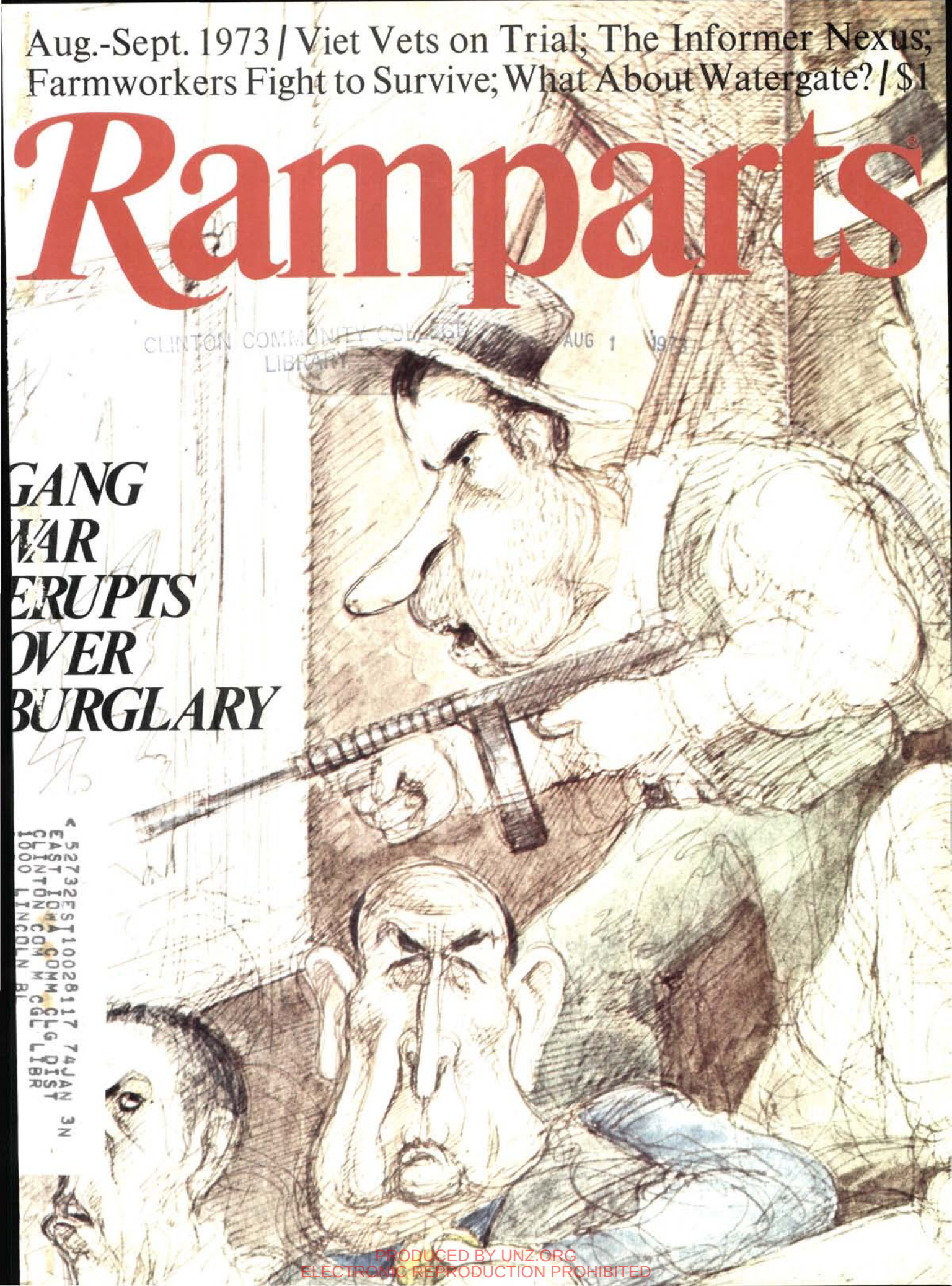

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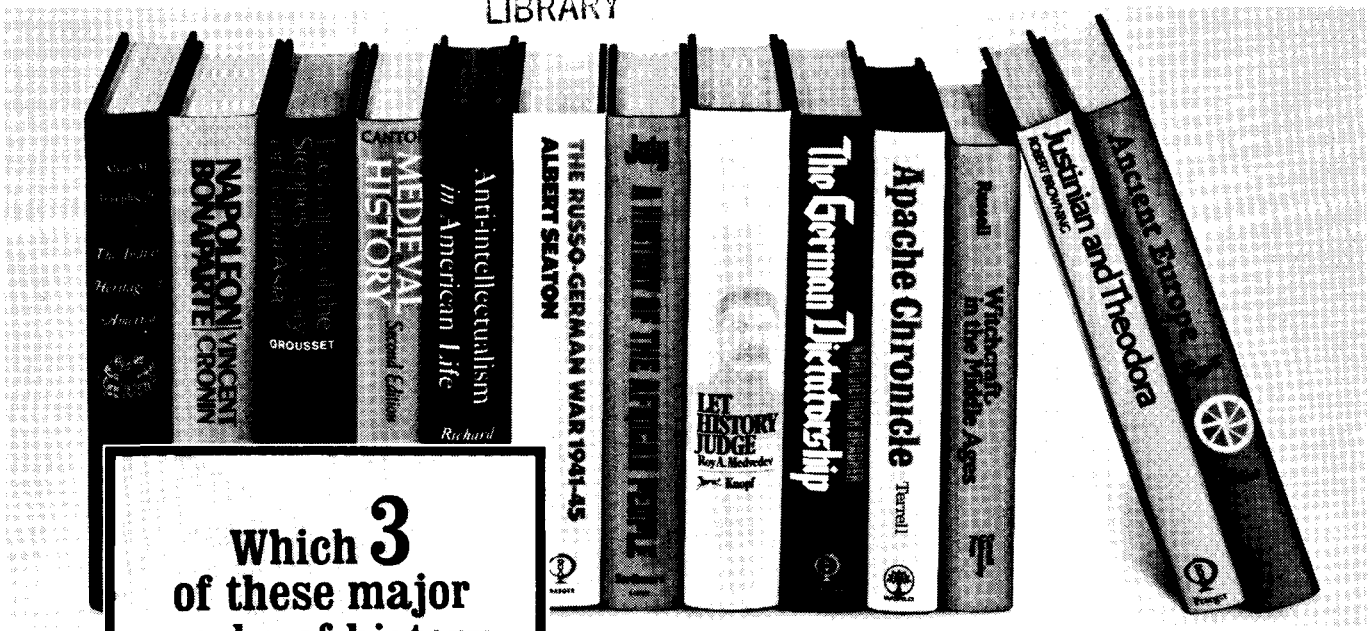
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A progress report by Warren Weber

Land reform is surfacing as an important political issue in the United States, and, as if to mark the event, advocates of land reform held a national conference in San Francisco this spring.

16
George Seldes: Muckraker Emeritus

A biographical essay by Derek Shearer

In the 1930's and 1940's George Seldes was a leading figure in independent journalism. His newsletter, *In Fact,* had a major influence on such people as I. F. Stone, Howard Zinn and Daniel Ellsberg.

21
Informers: The Enemy Within

An analytical survey by Paul Jacobs

Behind the glare of the Watergate spectacle lies the murky netherworld of extra-legal and quasi-legal police techniques: notably, the burgeoning use of police informers, who often turn out to provoke "crimes" they then inform on.

25
The Gainesville Eight: Dirty Tricks on Trial

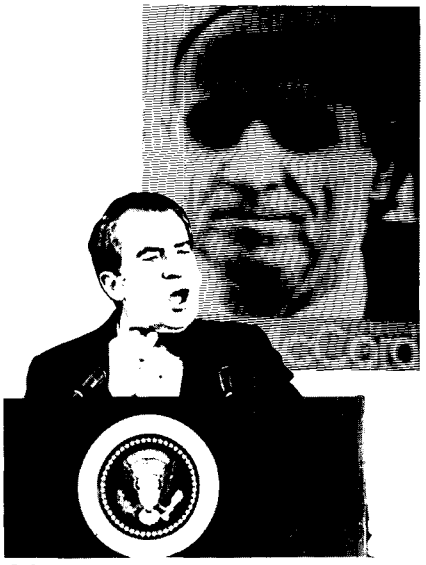
A report from Florida by Rob Elder

Eight members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War are currently on trial in Gainesville, Florida for alleged plans to disrupt the GOP Miami convention. Now it turns out the Vets themselves were victims of assorted informers and *agents provocateurs,* including the ubiquitous White House "plumbers unit."

28
Chavez and the Teamsters: Showdown in the Coachella Valley

An on-the-scene report by George Baker

The United Farm Workers, who won reluctant recognition from California grape growers three years ago — after a crippling nationwide boycott — are back on the picket lines. This time they face not only the growers but a well-paid goon squad sponsored by the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Cesar Chavez has won against long odds before, but this battle is a critical one.



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Watergate

An editorial essay

One common view holds that the Watergate investigation represents the "long arm of the Founding Fathers reaching down across two centuries to save us all." Not true, say the editors of *Ramparts;* if anything, it merely uncovers the bankruptcy of the American system.

36
Historians and the Cold War: The Battle over America's Image

Analysis by David Horowitz

The cold war has had dozens of academic apologists in the United States, and only a handful of the so-called "revisionist" historians have bucked the trend — often at considerable cost to themselves. Now, when the Indochina disaster has finally gained a hearing for the revisionist view, the cold warriors of academe have launched their counterattack, with George Kennan and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. leading the charge.

41
The Second Frame-up of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg

A review by Walter Schneir

Twenty years after the Rosenberg "atom spy" case ended with the defendants' execution, courtroom impresario Louis Nizer has stepped forward with a dramatic "final verdict" on the case. Walter Schneir examines Nizer's book and delivers his own "final verdict": *The Implosion Conspiracy* is a "fast brush show" filled with inaccuracies and deliberate misrepresentations.

45
Deja Vü: Which State? Which Seige?

Commentary by Andrew Kopkind

State of Seige, the controversial new film by Costa-Gavras, raises timely issues about political crisis, "internal security," and revolution.

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The Almanac

Resources by Derek Shearer

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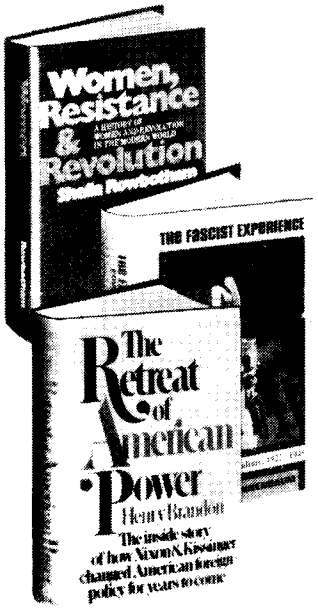

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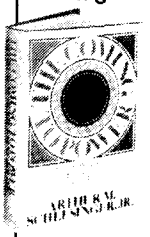

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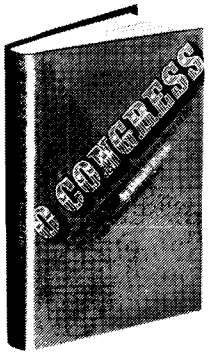

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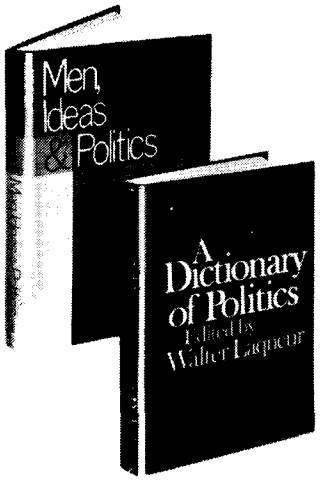

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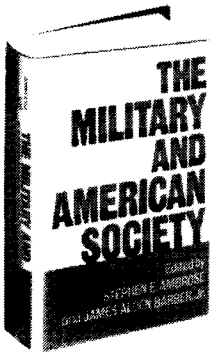

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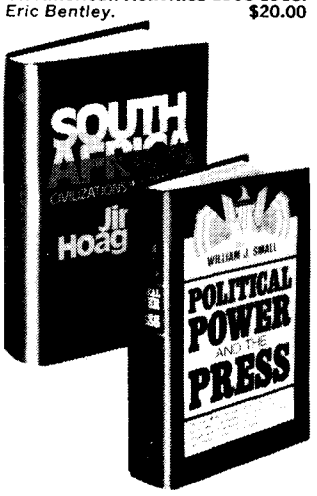

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The First Word

It is well known that politicians would be lost for metaphors without sports, and none more lost than our current President. It is not inappropriate, therefore, to point out that it is now the season when front-running baseball teams traditionally drop like early autumn leaves into the second division, beneath the public notice and concern, and it is not unlikely that even in his seventh (at least) crisis Mr. Nixon has managed to spend some hours watching baseball and has hoped that Watergate, like the Giants and Yankees, would drop out of the limelight. But it just doesn't want to go away.

This issue of *Ramparts* is, naturally enough, permeated with Watergate. Paul Jacobs, for one, looks at the police use of informers through the years, and discusses the attitudes which join that question with the Watergate mentality. The case of the Gainesville Eight provides striking confirmation of Jacobs' thesis.

Walter Schneir's devastating review of Louis Nizer's best-seller, *The Implosion Conspiracy*, has an almost eerie resonance with current events. But the piece which most pertinently, albeit indirectly, comments on Watergate is David Horowitz's essay on the making of cold war history. For if, as he shows, the history of America itself is bugged and burgled, then we should not be surprised when something like Watergate happens.

As for the crime wave which is sweeping the nation, we recently came across an item on the inside pages of a sensationalist tabloid we read from time to time. It told a remarkable story, and we want to take this opportunity to share it with you.

—The Editors

GANG WAR ERUPTS

Washington, July 4 (AP)—A foiled burglary attempt has touched off bloody gang warfare in this city. Especially hard hit has been long-time syndicate boss R. M. ("Tricky") Nixon. Already the fighting has claimed many of his associates, including some who have been with him since he got his start as a small-time confidence man in Southern California. Observers here agree that it has shaken his control over the massive underworld empire which he operates out of a plain white house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

According to officials, the current round of fighting broke out after members of the Nixon gang were apprehended in the midst of an apparent robbery attempt at a rival gang's headquarters in the Watergate apartment complex. Now, sources close to organized crime say, other groups have banded together to wrest power from the Nixon mob. As the fighting has intensified, many of the mobsters have left Washington for strongholds in the Orange County section of California and other parts of the country.

Nixon himself has gone into hiding. At one point he was sighted in the Bahamas where he was said to be closeted with his long-time capo, Bebe Rebozo. Since then he has emerged only on rare occasions under a tight security guard. His notorious flak-master, Ronny Ziegler, has let it be known that Nixon will not step down voluntarily but will have to be "carried out feet first." *Page 33 Col. 3*

ERRATA

Recently, we sent out a promotional letter which urged people to subscribe to Ramparts as one of the few remaining magazines which not only defend but use the First Amendment guarantees of freedom of the press. The letter was written in-house, and it appeared over the signature of Nicholas Von Hoffman, columnist for the Washington Post and commentator for CBS's "Sixty Minutes." Through a misunderstanding, Mr. Von Hoffman thought that the letter was to be signed by a group of Ramparts' supporters, and he graciously allowed us to use his name, at no consideration for himself. As it turned out, his name appeared alone, leading some to believe that he was in fact the author of the letter.

Ramparts wishes to correct this wrong impression and to offer our sincere apologies to Mr. Von Hoffman for the misunderstanding. Mr. Von Hoffman assures us that he considers Ramparts a good magazine, and urges people: "Buy it. Read it."

Ramparts®

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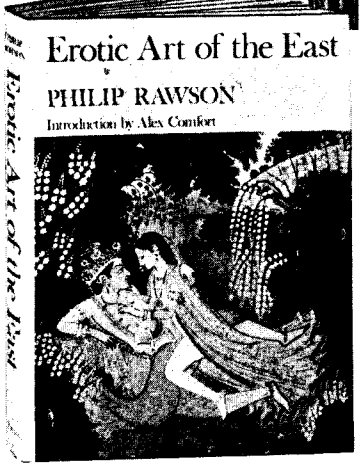

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Unashamedly erotic art, portraying every aspect of physical love, is an age-old tradition in the East, created as a matter of course by the great masters of India, Persia, China and Japan. The most important examples still extant are in this book.

In the West, erotic works by famous painters and sculptors have as a rule been hidden or even destroyed by the artists themselves or the trustees of their estates. But in the Orient, where erotic art is rooted in sexual iconography of Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist and Shinto ritual, the portrayal in fine art of the most intimate and diverse sexual acts was (until the 19th century victory of Western missionaries and colonial codes) accepted as not only wholesome and proper but often as an expression of religious piety.

Take for example the Japanese shunga albums, described and illustrated in *Erotic Art of the East.* These are the traditional Japanese equivalent of the Western marriage manual. Instead of cold scientific diagrams, they are emblazoned with creative sexual art by major Japanese artists. Study of the shunga was long considered in Japan an essential part of a good, upper-class education. As late as the 1930's it was still the practice in some traditional Japanese department stores to include a shunga volume in the corner of a chest-of-drawers purchased for a prospective bride.

Nevertheless, Eastern taboos on the representation of sexuality in art can sometimes be as perplexing as our own. We discover that in China the artist could depict nakedness and coition, but not the female foot. In Meiji Japan, every detail of coition could be graphically portrayed in art, but total nudity could not be shown.

To turn the pages of this monumental volume can be, for the adult reader, one of the intellectual and aesthetic experiences of a lifetime of reading. The erotic masterpieces of painting, sculpture, manuscript-illumination, picture-scrolls, sexual icons, erotic artifacts, fan paintings, vases and other objets d'art reproduced in the book have rarely been seen before by modern Western eyes. Every conceivable variety of sexual practice, normal and "deviant", is painted, sketched and carved in the foremost surviving examples of Indian Temple art, Persian and Mogul miniatures, Chinese painting, and Japanese print-making.

The learned and civilizing text permits the serious adult reader to study each illustration as a work of art within the context of its culture, and without the distortions of the emotional charge with which our own culture invests the subject. It will introduce you to such extraordinary personages as the male and female practitioners of Tantra—or sexual yoga—and will explain the sexual nature of the Chinese vases acquired with apparent innocence by Victorian collectors.

You will see the erotic masterpieces of the Japanese ukiyo-e through the eyes of modern psychology and understand how their emphasis on huge and compulsively detailed genitalia represented a means of working out some of the anxieties endemic in Japanese society.

All this and more is yours to explore in the pages of *Erotic Art of the East.* In this day of rising production costs, a work of such size and scope—utilizing the finest paper, binding, and color reproduction—would ordinarily be priced at $30 or more.

However, the enormous interest expressed throughout the English-speaking world has encouraged the publishers to work towards a printing so large as to make possible a price of only $20. But you can save still more if you act now.

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Letters

[U.S. BANKRUPT]

Editors / "How The United States Went Bankrupt" by Terence McCarthy in the June issue is frightening and prophetic. The tenor of his prognosis is now coming all too true. We face actual hunger in this nation, plus a crippling fuel shortage, all in addition to what promises to be the greatest depression we have yet faced. Yet nothing positive or constructive is done.

We need wage and price controls and rationing of food and energy if we are to survive as a technological people. And, as the environmentalists and population experts have predicted, if our technology collapses, so does our chance of survival. The question is, can we salvage enough to support our present population, which is too large, and too badly nourished, and too dependent on ecological depletion? Or is it too late, even if we had a government and population coordinated and cooperating to keep us from total collapse?

Stephen H. Overstreet
Washington State

Editors / Terence McCarthy's article "How the U.S. Went Bankrupt" in your June issue, is by itself worth the cost of one year's subscription. This is from one who majored in Economics at Harvard over 50 years ago. Professor McCarthy is talking my language.

Alden S. Foss
Cambridge, Mass.

[DRUGS AND MEAT]

Editors / I am tired of reading articles which point out and define problems but which offer no solutions that we as citizens can help effect.

For example: "Drugs in the Meat Industry" in the June '73 issue. Is there *any* way the consumer can be reasonably sure that he's buying unpolluted meat? Where do the drug and drugless feed lot operators sell their products? Where can protests be lodged to have the greatest impact? (FDA, some particular senator or congressman, overburdened Ralph Nader, write to *Pravda* and tell their people to be wary of our grain? who, what, where?)

Nothing gets changed by merely complaining. You've got to answer the question for your readers, "What can *I* do about it? in a POSITIVE way.

J. Arlene Johnston
Pittsburgh, Penn.

[WOMEN'S FICTION]

Editors / Elizabeth Fishel is in error when she cites May Swenson's "The Power and the Glory" as her one example of the "sappiness of the too-obvious and overstated" which characterizes most of the stories published in *Aphra* (*Ramparts,* June 1973). Swenson's story was never in *Aphra:* it is one of two in the Eakins Press anthology *Women* which had not previously appeared in the magazine. And Susan Griffin's "The Sink," which she had earlier described as a stunning blend of feminist politics and artistry, is evidently also one of the "several more stilted stories" that "made their way into" *Women,* according to Fishel, since it is one of the seven *Aphra* stories which were in the anthology.

Actually, when you consider that *Aphra* averages two stories an issue and that Fishel wrote her article on the basis of 13 issues, with nary a mention of the fact that in each issue we also publish essays, poetry, art, and plays, our track record is almost one out of three, by her count—not a bad score for an indigent magazine which pays its authors in copies—and belief.

Elizabeth Fisher
for *Aphra*
New York, N.Y.

Elizabeth Fishel replies: Ms. Fisher has, incorrectly, I think, viewed my reading of *Aphra* as harsher than I'd intended. I did not state that "most" of the stories in *Aphra* were characterized by the "sappiness of the too-obvious and overstated," nor did I imply that Susan Griffin's "The Sink" was one of "the several more stilted stories" that made their way into" the anthology, *Women.* Finally, I of course mentioned that in addition to stories, *Aphra* publishes a "sampling of relevant poems, plays, photographs and critical pieces" but I reviewed only the stories since my essay was limited to "Women's Fiction." In any event, I hope my several criticisms of *Aphra* did not altogether cloud my sympathy with what the magazine has set out to do for women writers and for the future of feminist fiction.

[NOTES FROM PRISON]

Dear brother in prison / When I read your letter in the June issue about enjoying the article on Soledad [April, 1973] and then you began saying how "uptight" everyone was there, what with the screws pitting you against each other—well, I just had to reply to your letter—for *Ramparts* and myself.

I take it you are about 22 to 26 years old. Just about my oldest son's age, and that would put you getting born about the time I started doing time. So I am speaking from experience.

First of all, you are lucky to have gotten the April *Ramparts.* I am in one of dear old god and country's Federal joints that wet nurses all its little 30- to 85-year-old children by checking their pants every now and again to see if they need changing (censorship and rejection of inflammable articles). I didn't get the April issue. It was too "dangerous," especially since 1000 newspapers had carried all the details and photos months ago.

Secondly, there's scarcely a joint now that *doesn't* pit inmate against inmate. It's a grand old way to whip up on a guy and never have to touch him yourself. So you are not experiencing something new to cons.

Just keep cool and take inventory every now and then of yourself and try hard to keep your mind busy so you don't dwell on the idiocy of caging one's fellow man.

Norwood (Larry) Jones
Atlanta, Georgia

Editors / First I want to thank you for sending your magazine these past months. It's really widely read here in the prison as I pass it forward to some 20 other prisoners, and then it's kept on file at the prison newspaper office for anyone to read. It surely reinforces our solidarity to see and read about our sisters and brothers that are on the "outside" keeping the fight alive.

You have also helped at the newspaper office because from time to time we've ripped off some of your articles and illustrations.

I also want to thank your readers who have donated money for prisoner subscriptions and send out a plea for more donations to your magazine to keep prison subscriptions going.

Charles Hanson
Houston, Texas

[NEW MYSTICISM]

Editors / The excellent articles on the New Left's "New Mysticism" in your July issue are deeply disturbing to those of us who see some form of cosmic consciousness as the needed psychic foundation for the long haul of building a non-exploitative, organic, post-scarcity civilization.

Having felt the burden of ego and experienced something transcending it, one often then surrenders oneself to the master or system to which is attributed one's salvation. This confusion of an immediate experience with a structure of beliefs and/or techniques is ego's counter-revolution. It is a new dependence and attachment which, in the name of spirituality, permits the virtual return to what one has always done (e.g., Rennie Davis).

Haven't we learned anything from the dominant historical effects of religions like Christianity, the prophets of which encouraged apocalyptic conviction in worshipful followers? Persons like Krishnamurti and Castaneda's Don Juan have, on the contrary, scorned adulation and challenged us to apprehend life with our own unique, autonomous strength. It will be tragic if the movements you describe distract many (on both sides) from the deepening of consciousness this ongoing revolutionary period requires of us.

David Letts
Regina, Canada

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Editors / Thanks for your coverage of the New Mysticism. I am becoming more and more convinced that all this Orientalism is indeed "bourgeois escapism." The reason . . .? If politics is the answer to society's problems, and we have not yet transformed society with leftist humanism, then perhaps we have, in some way, failed–a painful admission to make. It is easy to turn, in thinly-disguised despair, to mysticism and other religious forms.

But is this despair of politics warranted? Or will History prove, once again, that–despite temporary depressions–no true liberation effort is ever crushed?

Harriett Callaway
Gastonia, N.C.

Editors / The blue-sky-with-white-clouds was an Almost Perfect photographic background for "A Reader's Guide to the New Mysticism" (*Ramparts,* July 1973). Had you been filled with the true Wobblie Spirit, however, you would have Perfected the picture by putting in the middle of that blue sky one large, floating Apple Pie.

Evan Seymour
Philadelphia, Penn.

[MAHARAJ JI]

Editors / You are all incredibly dumb. Don't you realize what you've done? Just suppose, just imagine that Guru Maharaj Ji is the Lord of the Universe (which by the way He is) and you have a looney article like that! And just suppose that He is God come to save the world (which by the way He is) then look what you've done. That article makes Guru Maharaj Ji look like . . . well, I don't know what kind of weirdo. When you actually begin to realize–inside–who He is, you will see that He is the reason you are living.

However, to look at the facts how many Gurus are saying–In a split second I will show you god, otherwise disrespect me. And not one person who has received the knowledge can say it is not perfect. Sure many can put down Guru Maharaj Ji's actions, clothes, etc., but not one of over 5 million can put down His Knowledge.

Now brothers and sisters just imagine that Guru Maharaj Ji is the Father of all creation. Can you see the blunder you've made. In not really finding out who He is, you have misrepresented Him. Can we who crucified Christ, jailed Krishna, etc. afford to make another mistake? In this crucial time we should be waiting every second for the Lord to come.

Really my dear friends, do you know what you have done? What proof do you want? Water into wine? Take His Knowledge: you'll see.

Mary
Colorado

Editors / I am an immigrant Indian in America and very defensive about Hinduism and its offshoot religions. I am not concerned about Sat Guru Majaraji's frolickings or his great money making empire here in the West. What I am disturbed about is the fact that once Eastern religions, for instance Zen Buddhism or Hinduism, are accepted by some supreme motivational force (e.g., Beatles) everyone in America and Europe clings to the bandwagon and it becomes the latest fad. But as soon as Paul McCartney says it's bullshit then all America follows through! What a wishy-washy nation!

Ken Kelley's sarcastic journalism portrays his narrowmindedness and defensiveness to a very great extent. Why doesn't he investigate "missionaries" who go into the depths of India, China and Africa to convert "already religiously-minded humans" for Christ's Political Party–Christianity!

Cristendath R. Mahadeo
Esmond, Rhode Island

[THE GREAT DEBATE]

Editors / For some time now I have wanted to subscribe to "Ramparts" but have always found it a bit beyond my means. Though my situation is still technically the same, I would hate to see your magazine fold since it is one of the few mass-circulated news publications with a leftist perspective. Actually, the only one I am aware of.

While my subscription and small contribution indicate my support of *Ramparts*, I want to make it clear that my opinion about the magazine is well expressed by Rick Yurman's letter in the May 1973 issue. I think it would be better for *Ramparts* to fold than to fall off the "razor's edge" and seek a broader audience with articles which are on the same plane as youth culture publications and "men's" magazines.

In conclusion, please be careful. For me there is more than one way for *Ramparts* to die.

Jim Sondgeroth
Austin, Texas

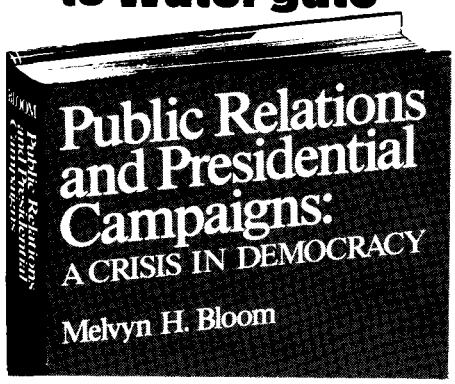
Editors / Your May issue urges readers to write and give their thoughts on *Ramparts* and the proper role of a radical magazine. There is only one role for a radical magazine, and that is to go to the root of a problem. If, for example, capitalism is the root of the problem, then let's advocate the scrapping of capitalism rather than whining about the malignant effects of capitalism. There are already enough wishy-washy liberal magazines with a barrelful of band-aids for every problem that capitalism produces.

Henry R. Korman
Longview, Wash.

Editors / When haven't you had an identity crisis? You're always changing your paper, your editors, your creditors and your price. It's what makes you loveable. I was almost thinking of getting another magazine. So I read everything from *Harpers* to *Esquire* to *Rolling Stone.* It was then that I realized that no matter how many stupid, banal stories you have on Jimmy the Greek and Clifford Irving, you are still a hell of a lot better than the other drek that's published.

Alan Bergstein
Brookline, Mass.

Vital Background to Watergate



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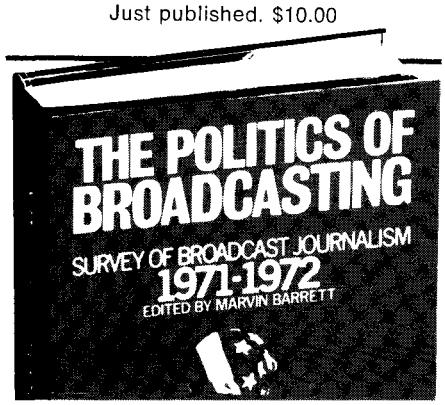

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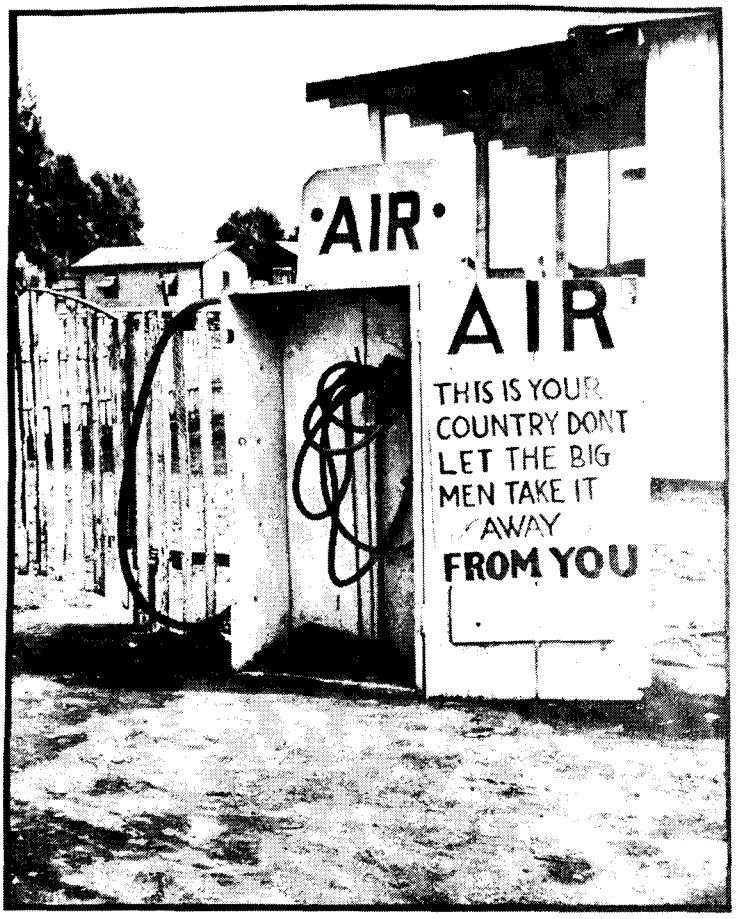

land reform
first national conference

Land Reform:

RECLAIMING MOTHER EARTH

by Warren T. Weber

Warren Weber has been involved in setting up a community land trust in California.

This spring, over 300 people from 40 states gathered in San Francisco to question, debate, and inform each other about Mother Earth. It was the first National Land Reform Conference, and while most of the participants wore jackets and ties or open collars, there were a few bib-overalls, headbands, and longhairs in evidence. They represented movements comprising environmentalists, cooperatives, consumers, family farmers, mineworkers, farmworkers, urban and rural poor, Indian, Chicano, black and white populations. For nearly three days the assemblage absorbed many statistics—many brutal and a few encouraging—and came away with a feeling usually described in communiques as "cautious optimism."

What united the conferees was a deep concern about concentrated corporate power over land, the emphasis being on "concentrated," not necessarily "corporate." To be sure, there were people in the cooperative, community land trust and third party movements who favored a collectivization of land ownership and institutions built from that base, but they did not talk too openly of such hopes, in part for fear of losing credibility. Besides, the concentration of power is a sufficiently awesome dragon to battle at this point. Former Senator and New (i.e., non-racist) Populist Fred Harris reported that 35 percent of the industries (and the most important ones like automobile and steel) are industries in which four or fewer companies control 70 percent or more of the production in that industry. "This business of widespread capitalism is a myth," said Harris. "Two percent of the households in this country own 80 percent of all individually held corporate stock and 90 percent of all individually held corporate bonds." And the trend in corporate mergers has been attended by a gobbling up of land.

Jim Draper, of the Georgia Council on Human Relations, noted that "the subsidization of large holdings is now going on at an alarming rate so that today 15 percent of Georgia is owned and is much more controlled [through leasing] by large paper and timber companies. . . . A total of 100 million acres across the South is in direct or indirect control of these companies, and 100 million acres is as large as the states of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi combined." In Maine, according to Geoffrey Faux of the Cambridge Institute, 12 pulp and paper companies own 50 percent of the land, 70-80 percent of the state is owned by absentee landowners, and only 13 miles of Maine's 1800 mile coastline is available to the public. In Montana, scene of the largest strip-mining proposal in history, one company (Burlington Northern) owns

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ten percent of all private land and 11 percent of all privately owned timber land. Thousands of miles away, in south Texas, six individuals and one corporation, King Ranch, own more than the lion's share. In Zavala County, however, life is more democratic: 26 individuals own 87 percent of the land, and of these 26 individuals, 19 do not live there. Jose Gutierrez of La Raza Unida Party quipped, "They're all good Americans. They pay their taxes."

A complete list of such terrivorous activities throughout the country would be long and no doubt instructive, but as yet there is only scanty information. Perhaps the regional conferences which follow this one will heed H. G. Wells' assessment that "human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe" and research county by county our giants of catastrophe. Meanwhile the knot tightens.

The philosophical and organizing nucleus for the conference was the National Coalition for Land Reform. Created in the mid-1960s by former Senator Harris, Peter Barnes (West Coast editor of *New Republic*), U.C. Berkeley economics professor Paul R. Taylor, and Robert S. Browne of the Black Economic Research Center and Emergency Land Fund, NCLR has acted as a lobbyist on legislation like the Family Farm Act and the Reclamation Lands Authority Act. Now it is turning attention toward what has been called "a comprehensive land reform Act that would be national in scope and applicable to agricultural areas, energy resources, recreational land, timber lands, and open spaces." Given this bias, it was almost a foregone conculsion that national legislation would be the primary objective of the conference. Nevertheless, NCLR was steering its "coalition" cautiously in this first conference, not requesting endorsement for a national Act, but merely assembling prospective cohorts for familiarity in the days ahead.

These conferees, some with travel expenses subsidized, came from groups such as the Federation of Southern Cooperatives; numerous Farmers Unions; Friends of the Earth; Sierra Club; Cooperative League of the USA; Agribusiness Accountability Project; Trust for Public Land; National Sharecroppers Fund; United Farm Workers; Center for Community Economic Development; Americans for Democratic Action; and Gulfcoast Pulpwood Association. In the last mentioned, however, representation was questionable, for the conference mistakenly invited James Simmons to speak for organizing pulpwood cutters, an action comparable to, say, asking Dick Wilson to represent the Oglala Sioux. Simmons was ousted from the GPA in Mississippi a year ago for his "dictatorial" methods; but the loosely formed "coalition" apparently was not aware of it. Still, this oversight also testified to the conference's latitude in other matters, especially the broad spectrum of issues and projects that made up the agenda: viz., the New Deal; regional reports on land ownership; land trusts and community ownership; land reform in Latin America, Israel, and Japan; public land policies; cooperatives; land ownership and the environment; the Department of Agriculture and Land-grant colleges; tax laws; subsidies; local control of energy resources; models for new rural communities; organizing; developing legislation.

What to do? The knee-jerk response to private concentrations is to seek control through public policy. And because of NCLR's orientation toward legislative action, the conference began with "Lessons of the New Deal," inadvertently, it seemed, laying bare a liberal-radical wound that never heals. Although "no polyanna," Sidney Baldwin suggested that we should look back to the Farm Security Administration which was "a courageous attempt . . . to rationalize and humanize the relationship between the land and the people living on the land . . . FSA was the conscience of the New Deal [and] drew its external support from liberal, labor and social welfare groups." Like the NCLR, its enemies were the concentration of land ownership, the overcommercialization of agriculture, and the monopoly of political power enjoyed by the established power structure in America."

Donald Grubbs, from the University of the Pacific, debunked this reformist view by showing how the New Deal myopically focused on private ownership instead of the socialization of property and cringed at the efforts of radical activism, as in the Southern Tenants Union. Worse, it developed a subsidy program which had the effect of strengthening traditional socio-economic institutions. And by helping larger farmers mechanize, it encouraged concentration of landholding, which drove many smaller farmers off the land. In the South, plantation landlords, who formerly allowed their sharecroppers to keep half of the crop they raised, now split the New Deal subsidies eight to one with them. Moreover, "the tenant or cropper didn't even receive the pittance Roosevelt's 'Triple A' was supposed to allow, because AAA provided that wage laborers were entitled to nothing at all, and therefore a positive monetary inducement was offered to Southern landlords to demote their workers from the status of sharecropping to the more insecure status of casual labor employed only seasonally. Eventually millions of people drifted out of the South altogether, probably the largest impelled population movement in all of America's history.

And if the relatively progressive essays of the New Deal were so easily absorbed by the corporate system, can we reasonably expect to find solutions at the hands of a central government so incontrovertibly dominated by that system 35 years later?

The difficulty goes even deeper than political manipulation of an apparently good process, however, because the process itself is steeped in commitment to individual and corporate, rather than cooperative and collective, forms of ownership. Underneath it all is the ethic of private property—our cultural neurosis. As Clay Cochran (Rural Housing Alliance) remarked, the notion that "fee simple is freedom" has been so pervasive in American thought and behavior that a radical re-education would be needed to produce a climate favorable to successful land reform. By the specious Doctrine of Discovery, European kings "granted" lands which, as Native Americans knew, didn't (indeed couldn't) belong to anyone. Since then, 1.5 billion acres (two-thirds of the U.S.) has been released by government to private hands. This is not

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something that ceased with the last run into the Cherokee strip, however. Public land is always for sale—partly because it is being taken from those who need it most. From 1887 to 1934, private enterprise was forced on Indian tribes. But as Kirke Kickingbird (Institute for Development of Indian Law) pointed out, Indian lands shrunk in that period from 150 million acres to less than 50 million acres. This statistic curiously parallels one for Blacks. Robert Browne reported that in 1910 Blacks owned 15 million acres; in 1950, 12 million acres; in 1969, 5.5 million acres.

Because of all this, some organizers of producing cooperatives and new rural communities (especially those associated with the International Independence Institute) expressed the feeling that what was needed was greater political decentralization and alternative institutions built on a cooperatively-worked and collectively-owned land base. This would eliminate speculation on the land itself, and place control in the hands of the users. This need may be fulfilled—theoretically and practically—by the development of community land trusts.

In general, a community land trust is a quasi-public, non-profit corporation which acquires and holds title to land for the purpose of long-term renewable and inheritable leases to the users who are both trustees of the trust and the controllers of what happens on the land. Since no human labor produced it, the theory goes, the land itself (improvements may be excepted) must not be the object of speculation. Nor may it be sold while the lease is observed. Questions of how income is handled and how assets are distributed in the event of dissolution are governed by the laws for non-profit corporations. Ideally, one can imagine thousands of such trusts across the country used for individual family farmers, wood cutters, whole or parts of towns and communities, for farming, open space, mixed industry, housing, allotment gardens and other land-based activities. So far there are only a few in this country, most notably New Communities, Inc. in Georgia, which holds 5,700 acres. Somewhat modeled on the Israeli moshavim, it combines intensive homestead farms on one-half to one acre with a larger, cooperatively-run farm. Bob Swann said that this project, once stabilized, will cooperatively build three or four villages of 200-250 families per village, perhaps constructing light industries for greater economic flexibility and self-sufficiency.

Nevertheless, the community land schemes may have certain built-in difficulties. It may, for example, be difficult to maintain democratic control against the desire to have prestigious trustees who can attract gifts of land. In that event, land reform's aversion to absentee landowning would be avoided only by legal legerdemain. The big boys like this trust principle, too, for their new towns [*Ramparts,* May 1973]. (In fact, the conference attracted one slick operator from the Stanford Research Institute with a "broad-band bi-directional cable communication system" (two-way TV via satellite) that would tie everyone behind the rural curtain to the warehouses and credit departments of Penney's and Sears. Another problem is that trusts depend on government sanction because of non-profit charters, which could easily be revoked if they were beginning to build alternative, anti-bourgeois communities.

But in truth, such communities did not seem a high priority for most of the spokesmen at the conference. There was little or no discussion about challenging the cultural and technological assumptions which maintain this society and its current attitudes toward land property. Thus one heard the incredible assertion roundly applauded that "technology is neutral. It's the people who control it that are the problem." Or the assertion that housing is of necessity 70 percent of a new community's capital costs, which is only true if you play by the corporate economy's rules and thus accept its goals.

Still, the conference made it clear that there would be many non-profit land trusts and land banks over the years. Several are recently on the books in California, another has been drafted for Maine, and there are people who want to see a National Land Trust modeled after the British experience. Among them is Huey Johnson, who shepherded the Nature Conservancy into maturity and now masterminds The Trust for Public Land, exercising a long line of bank credit primarily for the purchase of large tracts for resale to communities with open space bond issues. Put to the use of land trusts, such credit could stretch towards redistributing land for productive uses by disenfranchised groups. And the success story of Cooperativa Campesina in California shows that in some instances capital is there for new communities: 31 Chicano farm families with very little social or economic mobility borrowed $250,000 for an intensive labor crop of strawberries on 80 acres. "Fourteen months later they paid back the bank $171,000, ended up with $80,000 worth of equipment completely paid for, and a cash income of $8,000 plus $3,000 equity," said organizer Manuel Santana. Now they are moving "toward a system of diversified agriculture and completely automated planting."

Even when the money isn't there, as in Zavala County, Texas, the redistribution of land may be possible. Jose Gutierrez tells how "we talked to people about giving up their land, we talked to foundations about giving us a grant, we talked to OEO people about giving us some money for a co-op. But none of these things worked. In the first place we've been a captive kind of colonialized people in our area. . . . So given the fact that we were about 80 percent of the population in Zavala County and in the rest of south Texas . . . we organized a political party [and won]." Efforts are now being directed toward levying taxes on the true value of oil and gas wells capped for future production and, more significantly, toward eminent domain. "Now since we are the mayors, and the presidents of the school boards, and the supervisors, and judges, and sheriffs, and everything else, by God we're just going to take the land under eminent domain, and to us that's public welfare. . . . We're striking at the very heart of America because it's going to be one government talking to another government, although we're going to be a small government."

That failing, Gutierrez dryly predicts outright seizure.

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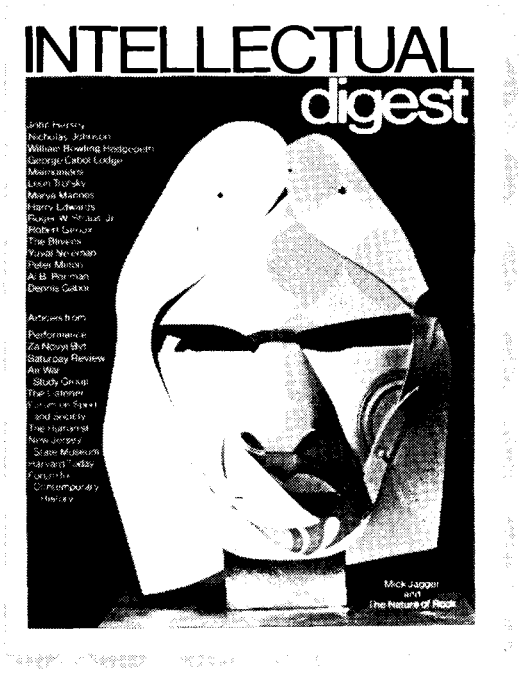

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Examples like these were a cause for optimism to the participants huddled in this tomb-like hotel owned by Pacific Southwest Airlines. But isolated events do not a coalition make, and some national objectives had to be reached, at least for the appearance of direction. In fact the plenary session revealed how widely divergent are the political aims of each group, when the North Dakota Farmers Union justifiably lamented that it "couldn't take home" any declaration by conferees that unconditionally opposed stripmining or supported Wounded Knee (or, one supposes among the 80 submitted resolutions, homosexuality and freeing all political prisoners).

"None of us were elected to come here and make policy that we have to go back and accept," warned Ed Smith of the NDFU. And to a proposed amendment by a trade unionist which urged "the organizations here represented to develop local political coalitions independent of the Republican and Democratic parties . . . based on the common interests of workers, farmers, Black people, Native Americans, and other minorities," a woman tellingly complained: "We can do more damage in tearing this group apart rather than uniting it by getting into these specifics which our people back home have no idea of and can't possibly understand. . . . [Our people] have no idea what these problems are, much less understand them or support solutions for them."

Notwithstanding the assertion by Jerry Voorhis of the Co-op League that "there's enough dynamite in this document here to move the U.S. from a position of special privilege to a position of decent opportunity for people," the conference's report is quite bland. It gently touches a wide range of conditions (energy and timber resources on public lands, railroad lands, tax laws, Indian trust policies, USDA and family farmers, rural labor, environmental deterioration, monopolistic market power) and finally resolves merely to "urge creation of" a working coalition to help continue educating and organizing around land policies and existing legislation. The specific and substantial unadopted goal (set forth by Peter Barnes and the Center for Rural Studies) is the creation of a National Land Reform Act which would redistribute control of land and resources in favor of "public agencies, cooperatively or community-owned entities, or low-income individuals." It would be a "resource transfer act, and thus a genuine anti-poverty program" which "minimizes bureaucracy, does not tax the wage-earner or small property-owner, and builds upon existing transfer models." The transfer mechanism could be a land bank or trust either acquiring land for resale or lease, or making grants to other public and private entities for acquisition. It could be funded by a severance tax and/or an unearned increment tax.

Such mechanisms might also be tried at the state level, most practically through the initiative process in the 19 states that have it. The task, however, may prove Sisyphean. Quoting Harris, "Winston Churchill thought that monopolization of land was the mother of other kinds of monopolization. I've been with people in east Kentucky, east Tennessee, and West Virginia where these huge landowners dominate whole counties and rip off the land and people with impunity, control the courthouse, control the whole government. That's a function of that kind of economic power. Economic power translates almost exactly into political power. I think we can begin to do something about it. Those in the coalition that we're talking about here today, and throughout the country, don't have to love each other. It would be good if they did, but they don't have to. All they have to do is recognize that they are commonly exploited, and that if they get themselves together they are a majority. And there are a couple of assumptions you have to make. One is that people are smart enough to govern themselves. The other is that you can make the democratic process work. I don't know if we can do it–I can't promise you for sure that we can take this government over again, turn it around. But I believe it's this kind of fundamental issue I think we ought to be spending our time on. If we can do it I don't promise you it will be easy to do, but I believe there's existential value in the struggle itself, and that each of us must do whatever he or she can do." ■

George Seldes: MUCKRAKER EMERITUS

by Derek Shearer

George Seldes, retired

Every Friday, George Seldes spends the morning working in the Dartmouth College Library in Hanover, New Hampshire. Promptly at noon he joins his wife, Helen, for lunch in the Hanover Inn, the place he suggests for meeting infrequent visitors such as myself. At 82, Seldes is one of the last of the old-time muckrakers–a pioneer investigative reporter before this more respectable term came into use. In his career, which has spanned two world wars and two eras of political repression, he has written 16 books documenting such themes as corporate corruption of the press, the erosion of civil liberties, and the close ties between American business and fascism. For ten years, between 1940 and 1950, George and Helen Seldes published a newsletter called *In Fact,* which at its peak reached 750,000 readers with news the established press did not consider fit to print.

Through his newsletter, Seldes had an impact on a generation of American Leftists comparable to that of I. F. Stone in the 1950s and 1960s. They still remember him with fondness. Professor Howard Zinn of Boston University, a leading anti-war activist, said that the first book he had ever read on fascism was Seldes' portrait of Mussolini, *Sawdust Caesar,* published in 1935. Daniel Ellsberg described *In Fact* as one of the first publications to open his eyes politically. United Auto Workers Vice President Irving Blue-

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If Your Name Is Addressed in Red See Page 3

Re-entered as second class matter March 12, 1942, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

In fact

An Antidote for Falsehood in the Daily Press

(No. 160) Vol. VIII, No. 4 412 November 1, 19..

orge Seldes, *Editor*

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Phone ALgonquin 4-6995. year.

Nazi Agent p. 1

CT p. 2

Exposed p. 2

Franco, Mur...

AMERICAN ships have ... American lives have been ... lantic through action of N... secretly fuelled at sea. T... men and munitions are ... tator Franco of Spain by ... Tribune, London. It denie... hints given to the press in... Sir Samuel (Hoare, British ... to Spain) had at last succee... vincing General Franco" ... sides, and that the Blue Di... been withdrawn from Russia. ... the semi-official version. An... the reality: On Sept 1 three ... ships were detained in Pernambu... zil, because they were found ... false bottoms filled with diesel ... other supplies for German subm... On Sept 2 the German radio ann... that a fresh contingent of over ... men of the Spanish Blue Divisio... reached the French frontier on their ... to Russia. Their commander is M... Lopez Juarez."

History of a Lie

FRANCO, dictator of Spain, says he a Fascist. America is fighting Fascisn Colliers weekly publishes a piece in favor of Franco by Archbishop Spellman of NY. Apologists for fascism deny Franco is a Fascist.

The facts are: On July 14 1937, in the midst of the fascist rebellion against the Republic, Roy Howard's United

... Nazi advertising began. This mid-...lergymen, on the ... a fund to fight

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...er is a Nazi agent.

Evidence against Nazi Agent Scheffer

The evidence that Paul Scheffer, now loose in the US, is a Nazi agent, includes the following items:

1. Ambassador Dodd so reported Scheffer in 1936. In his published Diary (pp 362-3) Dodd stated that the Argentine minister informed him Scheffer had visited Latin America, attacking the U S. Dodd concluded: "I have been watchful of this Scheffer who was a Social Democrat a few years ago, was several years

stone recalled that Seldes "was one of the few journalists who reported honestly on labor. We all read him religiously." Likewise, I. F. Stone, whose own newsletter was modelled after *In Fact*, acknowledged his debt to Seldes. (When Stone was starting his weekly in the 1950s, Seldes gave him the *In Fact* mailing list.)

Seldes has been absent from the political wars for almost two decades, and many of his admirers think that he is dead. Such reports are greatly exaggerated, however, as Seldes is quick to point out. I contacted Seldes in Vermont after reading about him some months ago in Nat Hentoff's column in the *Village Voice*. By return mail, I received an invitation to lunch.

Spending an afternoon with Seldes is like meeting a time traveler. A short, lively man, in remarkably good health for his 82 years, he recounts incidents he witnessed in France during the First World War, or in Moscow in the 1920s, with the same sense of vivid immediacy we might give to the latest Watergate revelations. He is, in fact, a living historical figure who has simply outlived most of his friends and contemporaries—Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Thompson, Vincent Sheehan and Ernest Hemingway, to name a few.

Seldes left active journalism in 1950, when he and his wife closed down *In Fact* and settled in rural Vermont. Casualties of the McCarthy era, neglected by publishers and journalism schools for more than 20 years, the Seldes have lived quietly in semi-retirement—painting and gardening, reading widely, and writing. They survive on the royalties from *The Great Quotations*, a book Seldes compiled in the 1950s and which continues to sell as a Pocket Book edition. In recent years, he has been studying 20th century philosophers in preparation of a revised edition, to be called *The Great Thoughts*. He is also completing a semi-autobiographical book about the four decades he once chronicled. It will contain a treasure of new footnotes to modern history, which Seldes feels free to reveal now that most of the principals are dead.

After a lifetime of critical thinking, muckraking and commitment to political and social progress, Seldes has not lost his optimism or his enthusiasm. But neither has he forgotten the obstacles repeatedly placed in his way. "Anyone who was taught from childhood to be a non-conformist, a libertarian, and a freethinker was sure to be in trouble most of his adult days,"

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Seldes wrote in the introduction to *Tell the Truth and Run* (1953). "Even in the freest of lands and the most liberal of professions, where nonconformity was frequently regarded as a virtue and nothing was taken for granted, I see now that my more than 40 journalist years, with a few short and minor interludes, have been protest and defense. . . ."

Born in 1890, Seldes spent his early childhood in Alliance, New Jersey, a utopian colony his father had founded. The elder Seldes corresponded for several years with Peter Kropotkin and Leo Tolstoy about the problems and promise of mutual aid and communitarian socialism. He was also an admirer of Henry George, author of *Progress and Poverty,* and a leading proponent of the "single tax." "Father was a libertarian in the American tradition," Seldes later wrote, "I doubt if he had read Karl Marx, but I have no doubt he read and knew Thoreau and Emerson and Wendell Phillips."

In order to feed his family, Seldes' father left Alliance and took up work at a Philadelphia drugstore. There he also served as secretary of the Friends of Russian Freedom—a group which raised money to support the 1905 uprising against the Czar. A year after the revolt failed, the radical Russian writer Maxim Gorki and his common-law wife came to Philadelphia on a speaking tour. The Russian embassy let it be known that the couple were not actually married, and the exclusive Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—where Gorki was staying—threw the couple into the street. Gorki thereupon marched to the drugstore where the elder Seldes worked and held an indignant press conference.

In 1909, at age 19, George Seldes went to work in the city room of the *Pittsburgh Leader* for $3.50 a week. In 1912, he took a year off to attend Harvard, but a lack of funds and interest brought him back to the *Leader.* There Seldes gained experience as a reporter until 1916, when he left the paper for good, spent a few penniless months in Greenwich Village, then boarded a ship for London to cover the World War. He was to be a foreign correspondent and free-lance writer for the next quarter century.

For a short time Seldes rewrote United Press wire copy, then gained admission to the press section of the American Army and headed for France. He was the youngest of a group of reporters which included Heywood Broun, Floyd Gibbons, Will Irwin, Edwin L. James and Westbrook Pegler. Seldes represented a syndicate which sent dispatches to the *Philadelphia Press,* the *Boston Post,* the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Atlanta Constitution, Detroit Free Press, Pittsburgh Dispatch* and *Los Angeles Times.* On Armistice Day, disguised as an "American food mission," a group of reporters including Seldes dashed into defeated Germany ahead of the American Army and interviewed von Hindenburg, the German commander-in-chief.

After the war, Seldes became a correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune.* He reported on the Russian Civil War from Moscow, meeting both Trotsky and Lenin. He remained from 1918 until 1923, when he was expelled for his dispatches on the Bolshevik purge of anarchists, social revolutionaries, and other political opponents. He moved to Rome, where he covered Mussolini and the rise of Italian Fascism. Expelled from Italy in 1925, Seldes continued his work as a foreign correspondent in Central America, Europe and the Middle East.

In 1928, Seldes quit the *Tribune* and returned to the U.S. to become a free-lance writer. In the books that followed, and in articles for the *Saturday Evening Post, New Republic, Harper's* and *McCalls,* Seldes attempted to expose the suppression of news and corruption of the press by business interests.

Many publishers were less than enthusiastic about these exposés. Seldes recalls, "From the time I began criticizing the American press and publishing documentation which it could not refute or even answer, an attack began." His book *Lords of the Press,* which William L. White called the "most important book of the year," was boycotted by most reviewers. His old colleague Edwin James, who had become managing editor of the *New York Times,* sent down word that no book by Seldes could ever be reviewed in the *Times Book Review.* The management of the *Chicago Tribune* had Seldes' name removed from the bronze plaque commemorating the paper's foreign correspondents.

Nevertheless, Seldes' books were read and his magazine articles reached an appreciative audience. With the modest proceeds from free-lancing, he and his wife bought a farm in Vermont (Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson guaranteed the mortgage), where they planned to settle for good. But then the Spanish Civil War intervened. "Here on our peaceful hills facing the Green Mountains through grey Chinese mists in serrated rows as far as we could see to the west, Helen and I read the news and talked and thought about it," Seldes wrote. "We felt now that this was more than a war; we felt that it was a conflict of ideas involving the world, and that we, too, like other people, were involved in it, although our country was neutral." The *New York Post* agreed to accredit Seldes as a correspondent, and they headed for Spain. There they stayed through the long agony of the civil war—returning to the U.S. in mid-1937 only long enough to sell their home and raise money for the Loyalist cause.

Seldes returned to the U.S. convinced more than ever of the need to provide the American people with accurate information about public affairs. He had long toyed with the idea of starting a newsletter, in the muckraking tradition of his books and articles. But he lacked the funds to carry through such a project, and plans to contribute a regular column to existing publications repeatedly fell through. Then, in early 1940, Bruce Minton—a neighbor of the Seldes' in Connecticut and a regular contributor to the *New Republic*—offered to put up a few thousand dollars to start a four-page weekly newspaper. The first issue of *In Fact* appeared on May 20, 1940, and was sent out to 6,000 subscribers—most of them AFL and CIO union locals.

What Seldes did not know at the time was that Minton was secretly a member of the American Communist Party. The Party, it seems, had decided to start a weekly paper which would reach out to a liberal and labor audience. It would follow the Party's line, but it would do so without resort to jargon—and all ties to the CP would be

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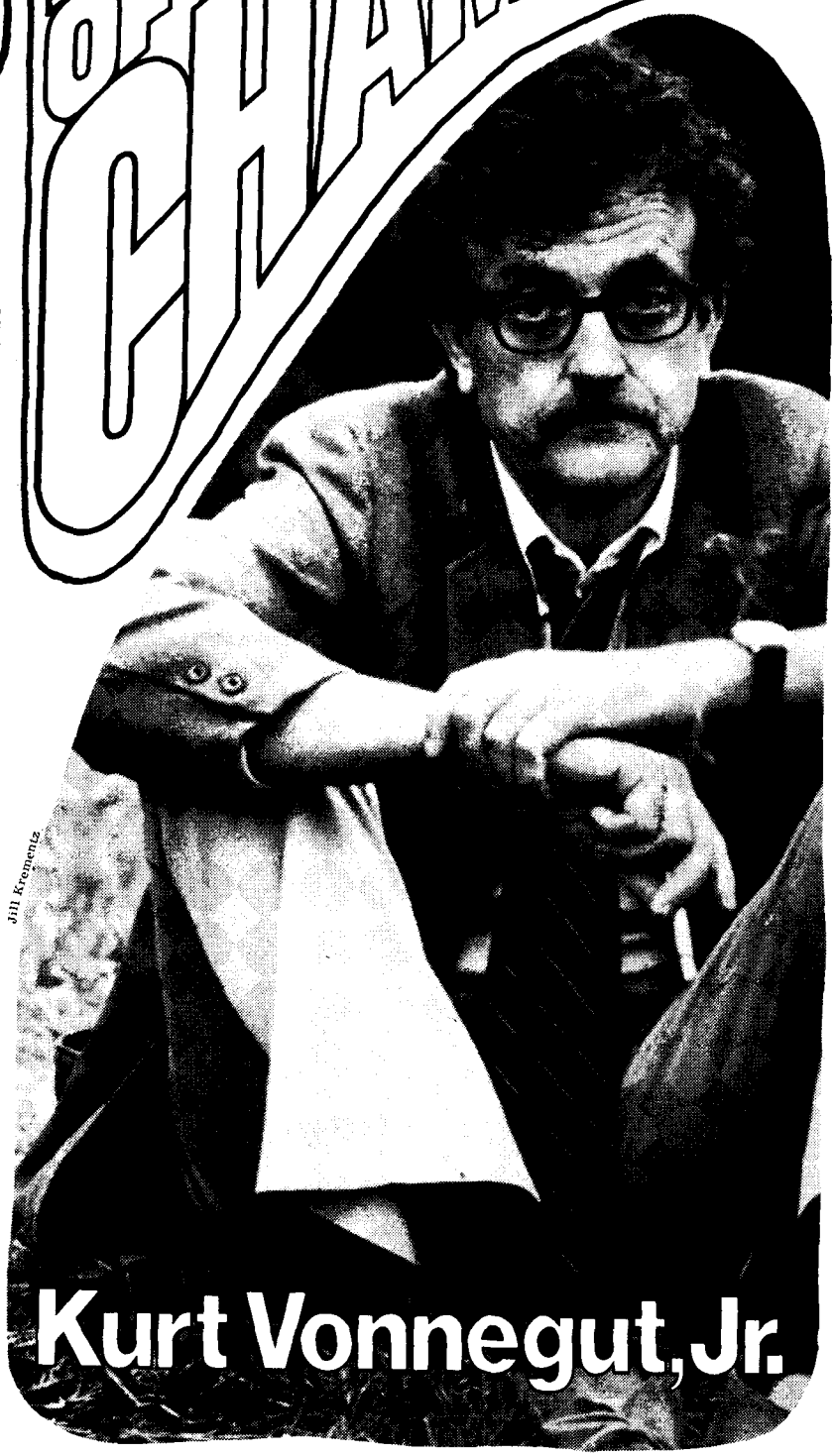
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS



In BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS, Kurt Vonnegut grants unconditional release to the characters who have served him so well. They include Kilgore Trout, the science fiction writer whose works have appeared in *Black Garterbelt* and other beaver magazines, and Eliot Rosewater, patron of the Midland City Festival for the Arts. He also introduces many new characters, among them Mary Alice Miller, women's breaststroke champion of the world.

In her advance review in *Publishers Weekly,* Barbara Bannon hails the way in which Vonnegut "takes on the whole mad scene that is America today . . . BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS runs the gamut from race tensions and sexual fantasies to pollution, the power 'bad chemicals' can exert over a human being, the sheer insanity of trying to prove you are a human being when you suspect you are just another machine in a machine-mad world. It's the wild and great good humor permeating even the darkest side of the moon that is Mr. Vonnegut's great gift."

Another, heretofore unrevealed gift: Vonnegut draws. BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS has drawings of a stork, a fire extinguisher, a smile button, etc. (Vonnegut's drawing of etc. is one of the best ever.)

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clandestine. A respected journalist—in this case Seldes—was to serve as a front for the operation. The plan was for Minton to write the newsletter from New York, while Seldes was expected to remain on his farm in Connecticut —contributing little more than his name.

As it turned out, the plan foundered on Seldes' enthusiasm and integrity. Instead of sitting on the sidelines, he turned out actual exposés and insisted they run as lead stories. Furthermore, Seldes complained from the beginning about Minton's rambling "think pieces" on world affairs. As Minton wrote years later, "To the horror and disappointment of the Party, Mr. Seldes proved to be beyond the usual methods of persuasion; his integrity, his personal honesty and forthrightness, his convictions were such that the Party was helpless."

In Fact's circulation skyrocketed—due entirely to Seldes' popularity—and the Party's position became untenable. It was clear that Seldes could not be pushed out without wrecking *In Fact.* The Party decided instead to write off the venture as a failure. By the fall of 1940 Minton's name had vanished from the masthead, and by early 1941 he had stopped contributing altogether.

In the prospectus for *In Fact,* Seldes wrote: "It will publish the real inside news, the kind newspapers frequently get but dare not print. . . ." And indeed, over the next decade, thousands of items were sent in by reporters whose papers wouldn't accept material that might antagonize or hurt business interests. Even Drew Pearson sent Seldes occasional items too hot for his syndicated column.

In Fact was one of the few publications to carry consumer news, including reports on research conducted by the Consumers' Union. Seldes also ran some of the earliest studies on the links between tobacco and cancer.

Seldes' experiences in Spain had left a deep impression, and he devoted himself and his newsletter to a crusade against American Fascism. He attacked the National Association of Manufacturers as "the most powerful organized enemy of the American people." *In Fact* carried articles documenting how NAM and its leading corporate members—including General Electric, General Motors, and AT&T—opposed liberal legislation, spread anti-labor propaganda, and, in some instances, supported Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy before America's entry into World War II.

In 1942, Seldes published the first exposé of the *Readers' Digest.* He showed how it was not a simple digest of other publications, but instead commissioned and planted articles that suited the conservative line of its owner, and then "selected" them for its own pages. Seldes also documented close parallels between the *Digest*'s line and the fascist line.

From its inception, *In Fact* was subject to vitriolic attacks from right-wing newspapers, magazines and politicians. But this was the era of the united front against fascism, and Seldes' readership continued to grow—reaching a circulation peak of 176,000 by 1947. It was only as the Cold War heated up, and lines of battle were drawn between the Left and Right, that Seldes' brand of independent, critical journalism left him increasingly vulnerable to attack from both sides.

In 1948, Seldes visited Yugoslavia and interviewed Marshall Tito, publishing a series of articles supporting Tito's independent socialism. Then, in 1950, he took a critical view of all parties to the Korean War, and members of the Communist Party reacted indignantly. "Immediately angry cancellations of subscriptions began pouring in," recalls Seldes. "They threw my newsletter out of the so-called Progressive Bookshops. American Communists began a boycott of *In Fact,* and eventually helped put it out of business, no doubt about that."

But the greatest blows to *In Fact*'s survival came from the Right, and the chilling effects of McCarthyist repression. Labor unions and liberals cancelled their subscriptions in droves. By late 1950, *In Fact*'s circulation had dropped below 50,000—less than a third of what it had been three years earlier. The newsletter was losing money and losing its influence. In October 1950 the Seldeses published their last issue, bought a small house in Vermont, and retired from the press.

In July 1953, Seldes was subpoenaed before a closed session of Joe McCarthy's Senate subcommittee, where he openly answered questions about his career and beliefs. Roy Cohn, the subcommittee's chief counsel, probed Seldes about his "subversive" books and his "Communist cell" in Connecticut. Seldes answered directly: "I have a right to my views. I am a liberal, or a radical, not a Communist. I have a right to express myself that way." The subcommittee evidently thought it unwise to hear Seldes in open session. "Seldes is cleared," McCarthy told reporters. It was hardly a consolation. Seldes went back to compiling quotations in the Vermont countryside.

Few publications or people (outside of old friends) have shown much interest in Seldes since Joe McCarthy "cleared" him in 1953. But he is by no means out of touch. He keeps up-to-date by reading periodicals and newspapers in the Dartmouth library. His curiosity seems limitless.

After lunch at the Hanover Inn, I followed the Seldes over to their house across the White River in Vermont. Relaxing in their living room, Seldes reflected on improvements in press coverage over the years. "Progress has been made. Thanks to Nader, papers will now run consumer news, and papers like the *Washington Post* aren't afraid to expose the military-industrial complex—what we used to call the 'Merchants of Death.' And the *Los Angeles Times,* which used to be so anti-labor, runs Watergate exposés."

If the established media have indeed taken some steps toward responsible and honest journalism, a good part of the credit must go to George Seldes and the handful of other editors and reporters who have carried a long and lonely struggle against news management by publishers, censorship by advertisers, and fear of political repression. And there is no guarantee that, in another political and intellectual climate, those steps might not be retraced. If that should happen, this country could not afford to be without a regular and widely recognized forum for independent journalism, very much similar to the one built by George Seldes back in 1940. ■

Greenwood Press, 51 Riverside Ave., Westport, Conn. 06880 has reprinted the entire ten years of In Fact *in four volumes. The set sells for $195. It is also available in microfilm for $75.*

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INFORMERS THE ENEMY WITHIN

Nobody has yet invoked the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt as the patron saint of the Watergate operation. Yet FDR, in 1940, authorized Robert Jackson, his attorney general at the time, to institute surveillance procedures as illegal and unconstitutional as those used by the Watergate conspirators.

From Roosevelt to Truman to Eisenhower to Kennedy to Johnson to Nixon—every President and every President's staff has carried out illegal and unconstitutional acts. It is essential to understand that fact lest the true dimensions of the Watergate conspiracy be lost in gloating over the welter of charges and countercharges about the stupid attempts of Nixon and his staff to cover up what they ordered done.

Roosevelt's rationalization for ordering procedures expressly prohibited by law was the "defense of this nation" from the Nazi threat. During the Truman Administration, fear of Communist subversion was the warrant for the continued use of wiretaps, bugging and the planting of informers inside dissident political groups. Herbert Brownell, Eisenhower's attorney general, approved the use of microphone surveillance, with trespass if necessary, because "considerations of national security and the national safety are paramount."

Similar motivations moved John F. Kennedy to continue along the same course. Indeed, Robert Kennedy, then attorney general, was a wiretapping enthusiast; Archibald Cox, Kennedy's solicitor general, who now heads the Watergate prosecution, also supported the legalization of wiretapping. And Robert Kennedy's war on crime, personified in his relentless pursuit of Jimmy Hoffa, incorporated continuous violations of Hoffa's civil liberties by the "Get Hoffa" squad in the Justice Department. Robert Kennedy was convinced, genuinely, that Hoffa headed a "conspiracy of evil" directed against the U.S.; it followed, therefore, that Hoffa had to be fought with every weapon, including planting an informer with a long criminal record inside the Hoffa entourage during Hoffa's trial on a jury tampering charge. The informer was released from prison on condition that he supply the government with advance information on Hoffa's defense plans; the U.S. prosecutor in the case, who used the informer's advance information to help convict Hoffa, was James F. Neal, selected by Cox to head up the information gathering operation in the forthcoming Watergate prosecution.

Lyndon Johnson's administration applied the same techniques, too, although when Ramsey Clark was attorney general he cut down the number of illegal telephonic surveillances. But the large-scale infiltration of radical, black militant, student and anti-war groups by informers carried on during the LBJ period was justified within the Administration because of a fear that "national security" was being menaced by race riots, violent demonstrations and social upheavals.

Paul Jacobs is a writer and an associate of the Institute for Policy Studies. He is currently writing a book on the police.

By Paul Jacobs

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It is natural, then, that within such a national atmosphere of fear, suspicion and distrust, often generated by the government itself, the Nixon Administration would also be fearful, suspicious and distrustful of its enemies, including those individuals and groups in the Democratic Party who had denounced Nixon so vigorously over the years. Or, at least, even if the leaders of the Nixon Administration were totally cynical about their real political objectives, the political milieu of the country was sufficiently paranoid that men like James McCord and Bernard Barker suffered no doubts when they were told to burglarize and bug the Democratic Party offices because the Party might be harboring disloyal elements. Would anyone be surprised to discover that John F. Kennedy had been assassinated because the anti-Castro forces were convinced that JFK and the Democratic Party had betrayed the cause of "freedom," deliberately, by reneging on the support that had been promised for the Bay of Pigs invasion?

If McCord and Barker seem genuinely bewildered by what has happened to them after being caught at the Watergate, they have a right to be confused. After all, McCord's work as a CIA security specialist--a euphemism for an expert on wiretapping--was not only sanctioned by the U.S. Government, but applauded by it: the former CIA agent received medals and commendations for carrying out precisely the same kind of activities that have now put him in jail. And Barker was a Bay of Pigs "hero," willing to risk his life at the command of his chief.

Both of them and their fellow conspirators have been trapped by the contradictions of an internal value system produced through their participation in what has been, until now, an institutionalized and accepted, even though reasonably secret, system of large-scale governmental political espionage.

That system depends on the willingness of the subordinates in it to suspend judgment, to abdicate all responsibility to their superiors, to follow orders without question. Once the system socializes its individual, human components, it takes on a life of its own; its success or failure depends not on who makes the decision that an illegal act must be committed, but on whether the assignments are carried out properly, i.e., without those who do the job being caught or exposed.

The system also depends on the use of modern technology, which had produced wondrous, miniaturized electronic devices for unauthorized eavesdropping like those used in Watergate. But the system depends even more on the use of informers, the most ancient method both governments and private organizations use to procure information about dissident individuals and groups.

Curiously, although radicals have always been sensitive to the notion that informers exist and often paranoid about the dangers they present, the reality of the informers' role is largely ignored, even when the informers act as provocateurs.

I remember my own incredulous reaction when, in the 1950s, I accidentally had momentary access to a report filed by an informer about the League For A Revolutionary Workers Party, a Trotskyist splinter group of the '30s, to which I belonged along with maybe a dozen other members of the faith. The League's tiny membership (the length and sonority of such grouplets' names were always in inverse proportion to their size and importance) was capable of doing no more than meeting in a succession of dreary lower East Side lofts to conduct endless Talmudistic discussions on the Stalinist betrayal of the world revolution and the failure of the larger Trotskyist organizations to understand the true nature of Stalinism or even Trotskyism.

Yet our group, and presumably other formations of equally loony Marxist-Leninists, had been infiltrated by an informer whose weekly reports to the government warned that the LRWP was capable of overthrowing the government and seizing power at practically any moment!

We should have been so lucky, for we had a hard time even putting out a monthly mimeographed bulletin. Could our informer have believed the nonsense I saw in the reports? If so, the informer was mad. Or perhaps the informer wanted money and the only way the government could be

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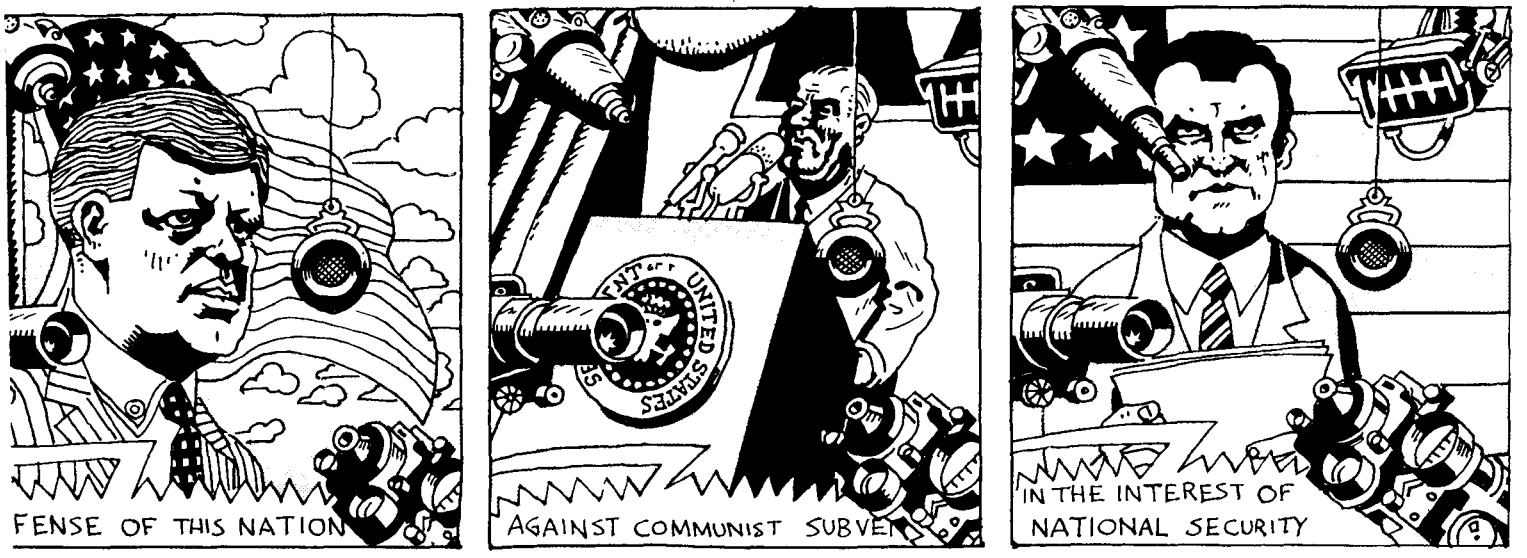

RODRIGUEZ SPAIN

persuaded to maintain "Operation LRWP" was to build up a convincing case that we were indeed very dangerous. Maybe, too, the informer was getting jollies from the work, convinced that, if caught, the organization would take drastic action by inflicting punishment—the worst we could have done was to force the informer to read and report back on our critique of the Fourth International for its mistaken position on the internal crisis within the Ceylonese Socialist Party.

But some place in a musty government file, the names of every LRWP member are listed as having been members of a dangerous radical group. And the situation is much worse now than in the Thirties:

[LEGIONS OF INFORMERS]

It is impossible to make an accurate count of how many political informers, like the one who sat through those awful LRWP meetings, are operating in the country today. But the number must run into the thousands. At least 20 federal agencies, including the CIA, have been using such informers for many years. For long periods of time, the FBI established a minimum quota of four or five informants for each agent assigned to investigate racial groups. And in addition to the 20 federal agencies, military intelligence units have operated their own independent surveillance operations, also employing informers.

Many of the state police forces are likewise involved in political espionage and every large city police force has an intelligence unit which sends its informers into suspect political organizations.

Today's widespread system of political surveillance and investigation of groups and individuals is based on an attitude, pervasive in law enforcement circles, which perceives the civil rights struggle, the anti-war efforts, the student and ecology movements and the militant minority groups as integral parts of an interlocking and overlapping conspiracy against law and order. The FBI's justification for sending informers into a conference of the well-known pacifist War Resisters League is characteristic of the conspiracy view: the informers were instructed to determine "whether or not there are any indications" that the conference would "generate any anti-U.S. propaganda."

Who are the informers, these shadowy figures who live in a world of code name phone calls and mysterious meetings in parks and hotel rooms? How are they recruited? What motivates them into taking on such assignments? Two high-ranking police officials offer an answer of sorts in *The Informer in Law Enforcement,* the most authoritative police manual on the subject. "We take our informers where we get them," they write. "Many of them are unsavory characters . . ." motivated by "fear," "revenge," "perverse, egotistical and mercenary motives," plus "repentance or desire to reform." And "demented, eccentric or nuisance type" individuals may also attempt to supply the police with information. Then complex psychological motives, money, or what police officers refer to as the "fear motive" provide other incentives for people to become informers.

The "fear motive" provides the police a simple and direct means of building up a pool of informers from among people who have been arrested for crimes: the police suggest that the arrested persons cooperate with them in exchange for, as the manual describes it, "a recommendation for a lesser sentence, a more favorable consideration for parole or probation, the acceptance of a plea to a lesser count in the indictment or through some other favorable action. . ." Put less delicately, the arrested person is allowed to go free or cop a plea in exchange for becoming an informer against others.

Charles Grimm, whom I met when I was producing a television program about FBI informers and provocateurs, was a prototype model for this type of informer. Grimm, a short, stocky young man, comes from a middle-class, white, Marine Corps family. He grew up in San Diego and received an athletic scholarship to the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. There he'd drifted into the drug scene, finally getting arrested by Tuscaloosa police officers, along with his

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"With me, there was no conscience, nothing involved. It was a job. I never lost one night's sleep over it."

girlfriend, who got busted for siphoning gas from a car.

"This one detective who was working narcotics in Tuscaloosa for the Tuscaloosa Police Department threatened me," Grimm said as we sat in the grass at Golden Gate Park, waiting for the film crew to get set up for the television interview. "He said 'I'm going to throw you in jail, you and your fiancee, if you don't cooperate with us.'

"Being afraid of jail as I am," Grimm continued, "I decided I'd better cooperate. I was supposed to bust people for dope and, of course, I had known people that had done it and so I went around and I talked to these people and eventually six of them did get busted.

"The police had me by the throat and they knew it and eventually the FBI came in and said, 'Listen, we want you to work for us, too,' and they also offered to pay me; but it wasn't the money so much, it was the fact that if I didn't do it they would nail me anyway."

The FBI wasn't interested in employing Grimm as a narcotics informer; he says they wanted "to know what was going on on campus, who the radicals were, to identify certain people from pictures because they had undercover agents walking around the campus and they were taking pictures of everybody and they wanted to know who these people were so they could label them and put them in a file and eventually bust them."

Charlie Grimm's fear of going to jail is understandable as the motivating factor which pushed him into becoming an informer and then a provocateur. The desire for money provides another strong impetus to accepting the informer's role. Louis Tackwood, a Los Angeles ghetto hustler and car thief, become a political informer for the Los Angeles Police Department primarily for the money.

The fast-talking, glib Tackwood insisted, when I interviewed him, that informing was a good job, giving those who work at it plenty of leisure time and reasonably high wages. And Tackwood jeered at the notion, expressed by Grimm, that informers suffer any qualms about betraying those who trust them.

"With me, there was no conscience, nothing involved. It was a job, J-O-B. I never lost one night's sleep over it.

"I never worried about getting caught. It was the idea of the money, the free crime. Here's a cat, a person, me, who like has been successful in forming several organizations for crime. Here are the police officers telling me, hey, we want you to work for us—two things went through my mind then—money and I got a free hand to do anything I want to do."

Money for informers *is* plentiful, disbursed on a "cash only" basis. In the FBI, for example, an agent wishing to pay an informer puts in a requisition from a special account, receives a check made out to the agent, cashes the check at a bank and then gives the cash to the informer, getting a receipt for it.

The amounts informers are paid vary greatly, ranging from small disbursements—five or ten dollars—up to three or four hundred dollars, depending upon how good a source of information the informer has been in the past or the amount of risk involved in getting the information and its significance. In the FBI the top payment for a single informing job is normally $300 in criminal cases and $400 for political informers. Occasionally, however, that rate is exceeded: Boyd Douglas was paid nearly $10,000 by the FBI for his work as an informer on Father Philip Berrigan.

And Robert Wall, an ex-FBI agent, reports that when Stokely Carmichael, then under FBI surveillance, came to live in a Washington, D.C. apartment, Wall's supervisor told him, "We've got to get Carmichael and we've got to put somebody in his hip pocket. Get an informant in there with him and money is no object. Offer them anything, promise them anything and we'll try to help you out if you can manage to do it." Wall did succeed in planting a woman informer inside the Carmichael household at a rather large cost to the government.

Such flexibility in money matters is essential for any agency using informers. Tackwood claims to have earned between eight and ten thousand dollars a year, on a piece work basis, with the amount of pay he got depending upon

(*Continued on page 52*)

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The Gainesville Eight:

DIRTY TRICKS ON TRIAL

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF VVAW

This month, the Senate Watergate hearings will come of interest to a television audience which so far had rather watch soap operas. As the committee's emphasis shifts away from the Washington burglary—already hopelessly old news—it will begin to examine for the first time a monumental, nationwide conspiracy, the most sordid political scandal in American history. In the course of the investigation, the Watergate affair will emerge as a shoddy national *ménage* of cheap-shot politics and outright crime stretching from the California origins of men like Haldeman and Ehrlichman to the dirty tricks of baby-faced Donald Segretti. Much of the emphasis will fasten, of all places, on the quiet university town of Gainesville, Florida. It is there that the Justice Department is prosecuting seven Vietnam Veterans Against the War and one VVAW sympathizer, in a court action which began as the ordeal of the Gainesville Eight—and seems likely to end as the last inept assault in the Nixon Administration's war against dissent in America.

The government's case against the Gainesville Eight is being prosecuted by Guy Goodwin, fittingly enough one of the last surviving field generals of the Administration's pre-Watergate campaign to wipe out dissent and dissenters. As chief of special litigation for the Justice Department's Internal Security Division, Goodwin was the prosecutor who presented evidence to the grand jury that indicted Fr. Philip Berrigan and six others for the earlier "conspiracy" at Harrisburg. Undaunted by his failure in Pennsylvania, Goodwin has now indicted the Gainesville defendants.

In the beginning, the case seemed simple enough. A grand jury listened behind closed doors as witnesses supervised by Goodwin recited the atrocities that were to occur during the President's renomination. Then on July 13, 1972 the last day of the Democratic National Convention in Miami Beach the grand jury indicted six leading figures of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

The VVAW leaders were accused of plotting to "organize numerous fire teams to attack with automatic weapons fire and incendiary devices police stations, police cars, and stores in Miami Beach, Florida, on various dates between Aug. 21 and 24, 1972," the dates during which the Republican Convention was scheduled. The indictment further charged that "the individual co-conspirators would fire lead weights, fried marbles, ball bearings, cherry bombs and smoke bombs at police in Miami Beach . . . by means of wrist rocket slingshots and cross bows . . . [and] would disrupt communications in Miami Beach."

The conspiracy was supposed to have been put together at a regional VVAW meeting in May 1972, at the Gainesville apartment of Scott Camil, a University of Florida student and the VVAW state coordinator. Camil was one of those indicted, and the government made no secret about contending he was the leader of the alleged plot.

From the beginning, the VVAW protested that the prosecution was political, that they were being scapegoated

Rob Elder is a staff writer for the Miami Herald.

by Rob Elder

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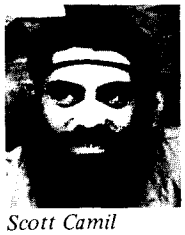
John K. Briggs

Peter Mahoney

Stanley Michelsen

William Patterson

Donald Perdue


Scott Camil

Alton Foss

John Kniffen

in the same way the Chicago 8 had been after the 1968 Democratic Convention. The whole point was to discredit the anti-war movement and squelch anti-Nixon demonstrations at the convention. But at the time the defendants made these claims, they carried little credibility in Middle America.

Then came Watergate.

James McCord, security chief of the Committee for the Reelection of the President, testified that he received briefings from the Justice Department's Internal Security Division on anti-Administration groups. McCord specifically mentioned the VVAW. Pablo Fernandez, a member of the Miami Cuban exile team that worked for Bernard Barker, admitted he also worked as a spy against the VVAW. As a police informer, Fernandez revealed, he had approached Camil and other VVAW leaders and told them he knew where they could buy sub-machine guns. Vincent J. Hannard, a Florida private investigator, gave sworn testimony that Watergate burglars Barker and Sturgis tried to recruit him to disrupt and discredit the VVAW. Alfred Baldwin, a former FBI agent who worked for CREEP and turned state's evidence in the Watergate case, was quoted by the *Los Angeles Times* as saying McCord ordered him to infiltrate the VVAW.

Then there was the timing of it all, which seemed more than coincidental: the Watergate burglars were caught June 17, 1972, and White House officials immediately began preparing an elaborate cover story. The VVAW indictments were issued less than a month later.

On the basis of such evidence, fragmentary and circumstantial though it may be at this point, lawyers for the accused veterans are contending that the conspiracy case is "the ultimate coverup for Watergate." They claim the idea was to paint the VVAW as a grave threat to national security, and then try to link the anti-war group with the Democratic National Committee. "We will show," predicts VVAW defense lawyer Morton Stavis, "that the prosecution was brought solely to legitimatize the Watergate break-in."

There is some question about this. Guy Goodwin and the Internal Security Division were busy prosecuting radicals long before Watergate, and other government motives, while not necessarily more palatable, are equally plausible. But whether there was a direct link in the narrow sense between the Gainesville Eight conspiracy charges and Watergate—i.e., as an attempt to "cover up" the abortive June 17 burglary—is hardly the main point. Far more important is the mounting body of evidence that the Nixon Administration not only used nominally impartial federal agencies to harass its domestic "enemies," but used local government as well to wage war on radicals. It is not merely a matter of separation of powers, or jurisdiction. What is frightening about the information emerging from Gainesville is just how far the Administration's police state thinking permeated agencies outside Washington.

[POLICE CONSPIRACIES]

Key officials of the Miami Police Department have now confirmed they hired Pablo Fernandez, the informer who offered to help the VVAW buy illegal weapons. "We were hoping for the overt act necessary to produce a charge of conspiracy," confesses Major Adam Klimkowski, commander of the department's Special Investigations Section. While Klimkowski's boss, Miami Police Chief Bernard Garmire, denies that Fernandez was a provocateur, he has confirmed that his officers sent the Cuban to meet with several of the VVAW defendants just before they were indicted, as a "fomenter of problems"—a curiously fine distinction.

Fernandez himself has said he was working simultaneously for the Miami Police, the Dade County Public Safety Department and the FBI. His mission, according to the city police, was to find out whether Camil, the VVAW Florida coordinator, wanted to buy weapons from anti-Castro Cuban exile organizations in Miami. Fernandez says he told the Vietnam vets that he knew of "50 sub-machine guns which were supposed to be for sale," but did not volunteer the information that "the FBI was watching those guns." Explains Major Klimkowski of the Miami Police: "We did not want Camil to actually acquire weapons. We wanted to find out what was in the back of his mind."

According to testimony from another informer, the veterans were the victims of a two-stage set up: "These infiltrators who were members of the police were the ones who started asking Camil, 'How you going to defend yourself if you are attacked at the convention?' And then Pablo offered the opportunity by telling them he had access [to weapons]." That revelation came from Angelica Rohan, a Miami secretary and former anti-Castro "freedom fighter" who worked as an informer last year for the Florida Department of Law Enforcement. She was present for at least one of Fernandez' meetings with the VVAW.

At other VVAW meetings were still other police spies, including two Dade County sheriff's deputies, Gerald Rudoff and Harrison Crenshaw. This pair joined the VVAW using phoney names and gathered information which went to the grand jury at the beginning of the case.

Thus the federal case against the Gainesville Eight was put together with no small degree of cynicism on the part of the police participants. At the same time the Miami Police, for example, were sending Fernandez to talk to the VVAW about machine guns, Klimkowski and other officers were admitting to members of the press that there was no indication that the VVAW's convention demonstration plans were anything other than peaceful.

But the most striking example of government bad faith came when Goodwin swore to the court that with the one

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exception of a legally recorded phone call between Camil and co-defendant Alton Foss, "there has been no electrontronic overhearings of any kind . . . of the said defendants at any location." However when FBI Special Agent Francis Gibbons was called by the defense at a pre-trial hearing earlier this summer, he admitted that he had a recording of a separate phone conversation between Camil and Fernandez. In addition, Officer Raphael Aguirre of the Miami Police has testified that he wired Fernandez with a "body bug" immediately before the informer went to one of his meetings with the VVAW. Aguirre has insisted under oath that no recording of that meeting was made because the bug failed to function.

[INTERNAL SECURITY, INC.]

But bugging is only one of several areas in which there are serious questions about whether the VVAW has been prosecuted under anything even remotely resembling due process of law. To begin with, there was the Nixon Administration's blatant failure, in Washington, to keep its own politics separate from the administration of justice. When Goodwin's former boss, the zealous Robert C. Mardian, moved from the Justice Department's Internal Security Division to the Nixon campaign committee, much of the information that had been gathered by the ISD followed him. Even more serious, however, is the curious relationship which existed between the Nixon Administration and local Florida police agencies during the 1972 campaign year.

There is something in the police mentality which often makes local cops jump at the chance to cooperate with the feds. But in this case big money was also involved. Both national nominating conventions were scheduled to be held in Miami Beach. Under the label of convention security, the Administration poured $3 million in federal dollars into state and local police departments in 1972.

The Florida Department of Law Enforcement got $750,000, part of which went to pay for a super-secret convention intelligence center in the bowels of Miami Beach's Jackie Gleason Auditorium. Working behind armed guards and in the cool of specially installed air conditioners, the center's staff of 35 persons processed reports from uniformed officers and clandestine undercover operatives of no fewer than 11 different government agencies. A lot of those reports had to do with protestors who were planning to demonstrate at the conventions. And no small part of the information had to do with the VVAW.

Jack Key of Miami, the state agent who ran the center, has conceded that the information flow was vulnerable to manipulation, and that indeed the center received reports, from "confidential sources," that the Vietnam Veterans were plotting disruptive demonstrations.

Without checking the origin of these reports, or their accuracy, the center passed them on, alerting local police departments that the VVAW was plotting violence. "Information was coming from the whole range of federal, state and local operations," Key says. "None of the agencies were required to identify their informants to us. Reports were written so that they would say, 'A confidential source advised such and such. . . .' " One of the agencies with representatives inside the center was the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department.

Guy Goodwin

Ironically, one local official would be skeptical enough to regard these reports as "garbage." That was the judgment of Seymour Gelber, a Ph.D. criminologist and special assistant to State Attorney Richard Gerstein of Miami. Gelber was on special assignment for convention security during the summer of '72, and he attended the intelligence briefings. "Most of it was worthless," he says now. "We got better information when we just went out and told the demonstrators who we were, and asked them what they had in mind." That direct approach, however, also had its pitfalls. With each agency jealously guarding the secret identity of its own undercover infiltrators, one never knew whether he was dealing with a genuine demonstrator—or with a fellow cop.

Thus under the special circumstances of a presidential election year, the whole structure of law enforcement—federal, state, and local—was mobilized against the VVAW. And one of the most disturbing aspects of the entire affair is that these defendants were not Maoists or Weathermen or anything resembling revolutionaries. If it could happen to the Gainesville Eight, it could happen to any American.

[UNLIKELY REVOLUTIONARIES]

Organized in 1967, Vietnam Veterans Against the War had moved to the forefront of the anti-war movement by the summer of 1972. Older movement groups were waning and hurting for money as liberal dollars went to George McGovern. The VVAW did not have money either, but it had credibility. After all, these guys had a special right to damn the war, because they had been there. Moreover, they were tough—so went conventional Movement wisdom—and if police tried to beat them the way they had the tender demonstrators in Chicago, they'd be repaid in kind.

But if as a national organization the VVAW had the credibility and prestige to lead demonstrators against the Nixon Administration, it was hardly a radical elite, and the Gainesville Eight less so than many other members.

Scott Camil, the VVAW Florida coordinator and alleged leader of the conspiracy, is 27, a former student at the University of Florida. Athletic, animated, given to bursts of energy and enthusiasm, Camil looks like an anarchist is supposed to look. He has flashing eyes and a bushy black beard, and binds his long hair back with a leather headband. But his mother is a former organizer for the John Birch Society, and his step-father is a police fingerprint technician. His half brother wants to be an FBI agent. And until his recent experiences with the American political system, Camil's own ambition was to become a member of Congress. Scott Camil grew up in South Florida, hardly a hotbed of revolutionary organizing. So did two fellow defendants, Don Perdue, 25, and Alton Foss, 27.

The other members of the Gainesville Eight are similarly Middle American. William Patterson, 25, of Austin, is the son of a lab technician. John Kniffin, 33, is from San

(*Continued on page 50*)

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Chavez and the Teamsters:

SHOWDOWN IN THE

William L. Kircher, the AFL-CIO national director of organizing, was only half-jesting when he said, "Maybe the Teamsters' best organizing area would be to organize a prison union." But the union that gave America Dave Beck and James R. Hoffa, and that recently made the front pages for its ties with Mafia figures anxious to get ahold of the $1.6 billion Teamsters Pension Fund, isn't organizing prisons yet. Instead they have strong-armed their way into California's Central Valley and turned their attention to the 250,000 farmworkers who have been struggling to organize for more than half a century. Working with the growers to crush Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers, the Teamsters have brought a new labor war to the California vineyards and eagle flags have appeared once again and cries of "Viva La Causa" and "Viva La Huelga" are heard, as the Farmworkers' Union fights for its life.

The Teamsters' interest in farmworkers is a relatively recent one. It is, in fact, one of the ironies of the current situation that organized labor paid slight attention to this part of the work force until Cesar Chavez called a strike against Delano, California table grape growers in September 1965. At that time a farmworkers union, operating on a shoe-string budget and consisting mostly of Chicano and Filipino farmworkers, was given little chance against California's multi-billion dollar agribusiness establishment that accounts for one of every seven jobs in the state.

But Chavez and his farmworkers kept up the pressure. When growers imported strikebreakers (often Mexican aliens who entered the country illegally), he began a nationwide boycott of table grapes. It had a devastating affect on the sale of grapes and the growers—whose economic sensibilities are more finely tuned than their social conscience—finally gave in. On July 29, 1970, 26 Delano growers signed three-year contracts with the United Farm Workers Union, AFL-CIO. Scores of other contracts with other grape growers followed, with many of them including an expiration date of April 14, 1973.

This should have meant that the UFW's long war was

George Baker is a San Joaquin Valley (Calif.) newsman and free lance who has been following the farm labor scene.

by George Baker

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won: but it didn't. Over the past three years, the growers have mapped out a new strategy. When the contracts expired this spring most growers did not renew with the UFW, but instead signed four-year pacts with the Western Conference of Teamsters which claimed that it had the allegiance of a majority of the workers, particularly in the Coachella Valley of Southern California.

Chavez' union lost 150 of 182 contracts, with 30 more up for renewal on July 29. The number of dues-paying union members has dropped from 40,000 to 10,000. "We feel the growers came to them [The Teamsters] late last year and made an offer," Chavez says. "That way they could kill two birds with one stone. They could kill the farmworkers union and insulate themselves against a meaningful contract."

The growers deny this and insist they signed with the Teamsters only because it was the favored union among the workers. To prove their point they cite signatures of over 4,000 workers who allegedly signed petitions calling for Teamster representation. But the Rural Manpower Service, a state agency, has pointed out that only 1,800 workers were in the vineyards at the time the signatures were collected, and the UFW contends that many of the signatures were obtained by fraud or deceit. Chavez has said that the situation can easily be decided—by elections to determine which union, if any, the workers want to join. But the Teamsters, with contracts in hand, have rejected this option. Because farmworkers are excluded from the 1935 National Labor Relations Act, there are no laws which compel representational elections.

[AGAINST LONG ODDS]

Chavez has faced long odds before, but this may well be the final battle. Before he was confronting only the growers; this time he faces the growers and the Teamsters—with over 2 million members, the largest union in the non-communist world. Moreover, the political climate has changed. The late 1960s were times of great social ferment, when causes like the Farm Workers' had a large and sympathetic constituency. But now charisma such as that of Cesar Chavez is not as marketable a commodity as it once was, and the UFW finds that in its time of need there is not only widespread apathy among its former allies but also a widespread misapprehension that the war was won three years ago.

The fact is that the plight of the farmworker remains one of America's gravest social problems. An OEO study in 1971 showed that the average annual per-family income of a migrant was just over $2,000. Last year, 2.8 million farmworkers worked an average of 88 days and earned $1,160, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The hourly composite wage of farmworkers in 1970 was $1.42, 42 percent of the average factory worker's wage.

The UFW had slowly begun to change all that. From the outset it was more than a labor union; it was a political and social movement, dedicated to wrenching a measure of justice from an oppressive industry that had dominated the lives of workers for longer than it cared to remember. Five-man ranch committees, elected by the workers themselves, were established at each farm under contract and growers

COACHELLA VALLEY

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had to deal face-to-face with the farmworkers. It was one of the few "grass roots" successes in recent American history.

The UFW was so involved in bettering the situation of the farmworkers that it never created the machinery to defend itself from attack. As a consequence, Chavez faces the Teamsters with somewhat less public support than he once enjoyed. There is a network of clergy of all faiths who have stuck by him, however. And George Meany, although he has never trusted Chavez and his non-traditional trade union tactics, and abhors the farmworkers' politics, was appalled by what he describes as a "despicable" raid on the UFW—an AFL-CIO charter union. Thus Meany got the AFL-CIO Executive Council to grant $1.6 million to the UFW to help fund its strike this summer against growers in California's agricultural valleys.

Yet there is a disquieting aspect to all this as well. The Farmworkers have been submerged—at least in the newspaper headlines and weekly magazine pieces—in the rhetoric of the labor giants—the AFL-CIO and the Teamsters. It is something that Chavez says he doesn't sense, but he was well aware of the meeting which Meany and Fitzsimmons held in Washington, D.C., during June—ostensibly to settle their differences.

And there are many who remember the departure of Larry Itliong in the fall of 1971. Itliong, at the time number two man in the union, had headed the AFL-CIO's Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee when it was merged with Chavez' National Farmworkers Association in 1966. He quit because he was unhappy with what he termed the "brain trust" surrounding Chavez. "All I can say is that the thinking of the farmworkers and brother Chavez is influenced by their thinking," he said. His resignation came after the union had abandoned its Delano headquarters and moved to a mountain sanitarium 30 miles east of Bakersfield. The appearance that the union was removing itself from farmworkers figuratively as well as literally caused internal strife. There was fear that the movement, in its haste to consolidate its gains, was becoming a bureaucracy and losing its distinctive humanitarian quality.

Be that as it may, the new UFW struggle brings with it an opportunity for revitalization. If it wins (and there is optimism among union leaders) it will be a stronger force. With the Meany grant, the union has expanded its strike beyond the Coachella Valley. The larger battle will come in the San Joaquin Valley which has far greater grape production than Coachella and where the spark of the movement was ignited in 1965.

At the outset, the Teamsters were relatively peaceful, marshalling their forces more for show than brutality. But in June it turned ugly. They began unleashing a reign of terror in the state's agricultural valleys, indiscriminately attacking pickets, strike leaders and intimidating some newsmen. Sheriff's deputies in both Riverside and Kern Counties, no friends of the Chavez movement, were so outraged they publicly called many of the attacks "unprovoked" and "without reason." One of the most blatant examples of this occurred near Bakersfield when 30 Teamsters waded into a group of UFW members with 2x2 grape stakes, fracturing the skull of a 60-year-old man. The 30 were arrested on a variety of charges including conspiracy.

While all this went on, Meany and Fitzsimmons met behind the scenes in Washington trying to rid themselves of what has turned out to be a rather untidy affair for the two latter-day labor spokesmen. No doubt they would like to avert a situation that threatens to turn the vineyards into a burgundy red battleground. What each side will have to give is unknown, but Chavez has seen too many Teamster agreements turn to dust to be impressed by this latest overture.

[AT STRIKE HEADQUARTERS]

The UFW's strike headquarters is housed in a cramped room littered with legal files, accounting ledgers, newspaper clippings and telephones that ring continually. It is near midnight when only a few stragglers remain after a series of endless meetings, planning for the next day's strike activities. Chavez sits at a desk in the rear, his two German Shepard dogs, "Boycott" and "Huelga" stirring at his feet.

He is alternately tense and confident, relaxed and defiant. Perhaps it is because he has just spent another 18-hour day, engineering the strike, boosting morale, meeting with families who were kicked out of labor camps for joining the strike, and talking to religious, political and labor leaders across the country. Or perhaps he realizes the "life and death" aspects of the struggle. After spending a decade devoting this life to the struggle of the worker, it is all on the line.

Physically Chavez has changed little in recent years. Victimized by repeated lengthy fasts, his small frame is still firm. He has presence, a sense of importance. Occasionally his tiny hands slash the air to make a point. And his straight black hair, greying at the temples now, hangs over his collar. If anything, there is determination about him now that once was lacking. He is a leader of a union and movement, not simply a Chicano mystic leading his people out of the wilderness.

"When I was out on the picket line the other day, I asked this lady what, besides the wages, she likes best about the union," Chavez says. "Well, she thought for a minute and then said, 'I think when it's hotter than hell out in the fields, the growers don't push us around any more, they don't try to enslave us as before.' That's what we're proud of," he says, slapping the table with the palm of his hand. "And that's what the growers don't want. We tell the workers—they're not going to push you around any more."

When Chavez went on strike in 1965 the base wage was $1.20 an hour. There were no toilets for workers in the fields, no rest periods, no ice water, no health benefits, no pension fund. Workers either accepted the employer's terms of employment or they didn't work. La Huelga changed all that. Gone were the vicious labor contractors who imported labor like latter-day slave traders. The two UFW contracts that were signed this year have a base wage of $2.40 an hour, a 100 percent jump in eight years. The fringe benefits that workers only dreamed of a decade ago are now recognized.

The most dramatic break with the past involved the manner in which farm labor was recruited. Before, the growers used farm labor contractors or brought in 50

(*Continued on page 55*)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB FITCH

Cesar Chavez with striking farmworkers.

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EDWARD SOREL

GANG WAR

From Page 6

NEW IMAGE

Nixon got his start in the rackets some 25 years ago, in bloody infighting similar to current hostilities. Along the way Nixon earned the name "Tricky" because of his no-holds-barred style of fighting. In a tough situation, he is willing to use anything at his disposal, including women and small animals, to keep control over the mob.

In recent years, Nixon sought to change his public image. He bought his current home on Pennsylvania Avenue and sources close to the mobster insist he made his decision to "go legit" perfectly clear on several occasions. Although he continued to sell "protection" to businesses, he was nonetheless able to marry his two daughters to young men of respectable families.

In 1969 he lured a prominent consigliori away from his arch-rival in New York. This move opened up a strategy for establishing a detente between the Nixon gang and the two other mobs that make up the Three Families. Between them, the Three Families control most international rackets.

Although the details of the arrangement remain obscure, Nixon did in fact travel east on two separate occasions last year to meet with rival dons. As a result, the Nixon gang was able to preserve its hold on the Southeast Asian narcotics traffic.

BACK TO MATTRESSES

Last fall, when a leading Nixon opponent was found buried in a landslide, most observers expected Nixon's iron rule over organized crime would remain unchallenged. All that changed abruptly this March, however, when rival gangs made their move following a key defection which apparently shattered discipline in the top echelons of the Nixon organization.

"Now it's back to the mattresses," a former Nixon capo commented recently. "We had it made. Another four years and we could have walked out of here rich. We could've put controls on this town that would have set us up forever. But the whole thing gets shot down because a couple of bums louse up a simple heist. There ain't no justice."

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Watergate

by The Editors

This country," John Mitchell once observed in an unguarded moment, "is going to go so far to the right you won't even recognize it." It was unclear then—and it remains so now—whether he intended the remark as a promise or a threat. In either case, his words ring in our ears with deep resonance as we watch him squirm before the television klieglights and a nationwide audience.

Watergate has become the superbowl of political scandals, and like all such events, it speaks to us in its own peculiar language—somehow removed from rational political discourse. A scandal plays a unique role in the life of a nation. It is the way in which a society mentions the unmentionable, and it provides an easy insight into a country's deepest fears. England has its periodic sex scandals. Europe is currently in the throes of a major scandal over collaboration with the Nazis during the Second World War. And we in America have Watergate: a crisis about the manipulation of the political process, about the buying and selling of power, about repression and subversion.

Now it is a strange characteristic of any political scandal that its revelations are startling only to those who have chosen to ignore the evidence as it accumulated over the years. No one who has followed the career of Richard Nixon—least of all Congress and the mass media—can find very shocking the discovery that he would use bugging, provocation, burglary, blackmail, extortion, smear or innuendo against his political opponents. His campaigns have always been models of dirty politics. And if he embarked on a more ambitious plan in 1972, we should only be surprised that he is now catching hell for it.

This reaction to Watergate has provided liberal commentators with numerous opportunities to herald the system's vitality. According to the *New Yorker,* for example, it represents "the long arm of the Founding Fathers reaching down across the centuries to save our beleaguered Republic." In fact, the uproar has been orchestrated by the relatively short arms of Congressional leaders and media executives, and while they are quite naturally prone to viewing themselves as agents of the Founding Fathers, we need not be so sentimental.

For Watergate is now a crisis—rather than an incident or a caper—because they made it one. And the relevant question is: why did they decide to make this a major scandal, when they have passed up dozens of opportunities over the past quarter century to do the same thing with other equally explosive incidents? Why—to take but one example—did they ignore the enormous body of evidence which contradicted the Warren Commission report on the Kennedy assassination? Even LBJ, it turns out, did not believe that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone, and asked Ramsey Clark to investigate further. Clark, to Johnson's dismay, found nothing new, and the *New York Times* didn't care anyway. So what has caught their fancy about the lesser crimes of Watergate?

Perhaps it is not the crimes of Watergate so much as its timing. This scandal is in a sense the final punctuation mark on an historical epoch. We are passing into what political scientists call the multi-polar world. If America is still number one, it is dramatically not to the same degree as before. And our idyllic future as the New Jerusalem is clouded by energy crises, food shortages, the long death of the dollar, inflation, unemployment and other such facts of life. No longer can we call the tune without paying the piper. We have been reduced to the mundane status of other peoples and nation states.

The wave of history which began early in this century when we emerged as a superior power has crested now. We are on the face of a change and—sooner or later—will have to live with an altered view of ourselves, our unique mission in history, and our super potency. The evidence is everywhere, even in the world of sports. In this long, hot, Watergate summer, Hank Aaron approaches Babe Ruth's unbeatable homerun record and gets hate mail. It is sacrilege that he should do it, because he's black, and also because those 714 homers were hit in a better time and the great accomplishments should stay back there where they belong.

Kissinger notwithstanding, America is a nation which—for the first time in its history—has been defeated in war. No matter that the liberation forces do not yet occupy Saigon or Phnom Penh. The fact remains that America squandered its resources on imperial adventures, while its European and Asian rivals gathered their strength. As a result, the nation is emerging from the Indochina war without the global hegemony it once took for granted, and we have already begun to experience the shock waves which originated from this rearrangement of the international pecking order.

One of of the first casualties has been the cold war consensus. It was the product of a unique moment in modern history: when America alone emerged unscathed—indeed strengthened—by the Second World War. At war's end, it stood victorious, in need of an ideological enemy which would enable it to shroud its imperialist expansion in the self-righteous clothing of a crusader against communism. For two decades, the consensus ruled whole arenas of inquiry off limits to scholars and journalists, and fostered illusions of the perfect society. Ours was the best country in history, the only one

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where the sanctity of individual life and property was cherished, where the people's voice was heard.

Vietnam shattered all that. It showed us that such a people as we fantasize ourselves to be get their kicks by pulling the wings off flies. And with the illusions went the consensus. The official lies of the Vietnam era put it under severe strain, but beyond that the cold war consensus didn't seem to make sense in the post-Vietnam world. Ironically, the detente with China and Russia which gave Nixon his "peace with honor" robbed him of the very leverage he needed to establish a new consensus. He could scarcely turn around and use the threat of international communism to whip the loyal opposition into line. And thus, while a serious probe of the Kennedy assassination may have seemed to pose a real national security danger in 1965, no such considerations blocked a full-scale Watergate investigation in 1973.

If that inquiry has done nothing else, it has laid bare Nixon's vision of America after Vietnam. For his secret programs in their totality are comprehensible only as sheer lunacy (could they really have believed the revolution was at hand in 1970?) or part of an overall plan to force a conservative consensus by establishing a quasi-police state capable of maintaining domestic tranquility no matter what strains might result from runaway inflation, unemployment, famine, or war. His was an old-fashioned solution to the collapse of an empire: economic austerity and political autocracy. He built a huge campaign chest, by soliciting bribes from business and extorting contributions when necessary. He packed the Supreme Court and castrated Congress. Since the press remained in the hands of the opposition, he set out to curb the media—jailing reporters, attacking news coverage, cutting back public broadcasting, warning local stations to "balance" the network news or face loss of their licenses. Meanwhile, his aides were perfecting the art of rigging elections—thus enabling him not only to control his own party but to directly influence the opposition as well. On the public level, he gutted social programs and increased military spending. Simultaneously, his Justice Department dealt with social unrest by isolating and then smashing the extreme Left. Police agents fomented incidents for which activists were then busted—and litigated into oblivion. Those who went underground were hounded, isolated, and sometimes caught. The more dynamic leaders were assassinated. All the while, he was pumping for a mammoth bicentennial celebration, a rebirth of patriotism and religion, and the word was about that a huge campaign chest had been assembled to repeal the 22nd Amendment—thereby enabling him to run for re-election in 1976.

This scenario makes sense, in a gruesome way. It would have established the Executive as a virtual dictator, with the necessary instruments to guide the nation through a difficult time. The President would be able to wrench free the necessary funds for "defense." And though the poor would suffer, their access to power would be closed, and their potential for disruption constricted. Meanwhile, the Commander-in-Chief would be free to protect American influence overseas—perhaps even holding on to large chunks of it in Indochina.

Nixon and his German mafia had gone far toward implementing this plan when the bust of the Watergate bugging team blew their cover. With that accidental revelation, the rest had to follow, for Nixon was in no position to establish a consensus for one-party rule.

Now Watergate has left the Nixon program in shambles. Its principal architects are in disgrace, and the President has retreated on every front but one: his detente with the Soviet Union and China continues apace. The lobby for a third Nixon term is a dim and ludicrous memory.

Having wrought havoc with the Nixon plan, the liberals are left without one of their own. Glibly, they announce that the system works. We would sleep more comfortably if we could believe that, for such a view attributes the entire fiasco to the perversity of Nixon and his aides. But perverse though they undoubtedly are, their program reflected the desperate situation which the United States now faces: no longer top dog, but not conditioned to settle for second best. Hence, John Mitchell's statement about the country moving "so far to the right you won't recognize it." We certainly do not rule out the emergence of something like a strong grassroots fascist movement in the years ahead.

For now, the liberals are in the comfortable position of being able to torpedo Nixon's program without having to formulate one of their own. That task would prove a formidable one indeed and would immediately open up all the divisions which plagued the Democratic Party last year, for it would force them to choose between empire and democracy. The most powerful elements in the Democratic Party—the ones which retook control from the McGovern forces last fall—are hopelessly compromised, having never renounced their own cold war role in promoting anti-communism at home and imperialism abroad. When Senator McGovern sought to do that and to develop an alternative program, they denounced, deserted and in the end defeated him.

It is by no means clear what old-line liberal Democrats view as the middle ground between Nixon and McGovern. In fact any administration which determines to protect the empire is likely to develop a program similar to Nixon's—with different nuances, perhaps, but essentially austere and autocratic. The non-imperialist alternative, on the other hand, would open any candidate for President to the kind of radical-baiting that defeated McGovern. It would, moreover, generate real pressure to experiment with socialism, in much the same way as the imperialist alternative invites experimentation with fascism.

If the Watergate affair demonstrates that the two-party system is still working, it does not resolve the fundamental conflicts which spawned it. Nixon has been caught on the cusp between two periods of imperialist expansion and retreat. The rejection of his program certainly bolsters the position of the broad, anti-imperialist Left. But both major parties remain firmly in the hands of those who have guided America since World War II, and we would be foolish indeed to suppose that Watergate has opened the way for victory of the non-imperialist alternative. The post-Vietnam crisis is still in its early stages. We do not know all that it holds in store for us. We can be sure, however, that in its third century, America faces political turmoil the likes of which it has never experienced before.

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Historians and the Cold War

THE BATTLE OVER AMERICA'S IMAGE

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At the heart of the present political crisis lie fundamental questions about the role of the Executive Power in American government and the continuing viability of America's self-image as a democratic republic.

Radicals will tend to regard the terms in which the crisis presents itself with an air of skepticism. The rhetoric of Constitutional legalities and national ideals will seem to them little more than a smokescreen for vested material interests. But carried too far, such skepticism will miss an important perception: an idea widely believed can become a powerful material force.

It is true that the democratic idea has been a self-serving instrument of empire and aggression. But it is only because the concept itself engages support for such practical enterprises that it is of service to power at all. That is why the maintenance of belief in the democratic idea is, paradoxically, an imperative also for those "realists" whose privilege and interest it so efficiently serves.

America now faces a political crisis because recent administrations have found it necessary to violate systematically the set of norms through which national power has heretofore been legitimated. To be sure, the norms have always been violated: that is the pragmatic core of the American Way. But the nature of the crisis indicates a qualitative change in the way such violations are required. Something has taken place in the historical development that presents the American government with continuing imperatives for action which cannot be contained within the traditional flexibilities of the national self-image. There is, in sum, a deeper fault in the system, a widening fissure between the nation's sense of itself and the government's sense of the "national interest" that provokes the present inquest into the national identity and purpose.

This inquest has already produced a crisis in the writing of American history, the ultimate repository of the national memory, and guardian of its self-image. It is no accident that the one area of the academic mainstream on which the vast spasm of anti-war protest had a visible and lasting effect was the field of "cold war history," where the tolerant atmosphere for dissent it created helped to legitimize a group of historians who became identified as the "revisionist" school.

In a series of works dating back to the 1950s, these historians–myself included–articulated a vision of America's postwar role which entailed a profound reassessment of America's self-image as a redemptive world force, and reflected a radical moral and intellectual break with the traditions of America's 20th Century expansion under the rationalizing imperatives of liberal internationalism. It is an expressive indication of the depth of the current crisis that in the wake of the Vietnam cease fire, when the advocates of America's imperial mission are eager to erase the moral and political reflections precipitated by the aggression in Southeast Asia, this school of "revisionist" historians should come under strong and uncompromising attack.

David Horowitz is the author of Empire and Revolution, Free World Colossus, *and* The Fate of Midas.

In an important sense, the revisionist history of the cold war traces its origins to the profound disenchantment provoked by America's First World War crusade. This war between Europe's empires was emphatically rejected by the American electorate in 1916, but then suspiciously sold as a defensive necessity, and afterwards, more boldly, as the war to end all wars and to make the world safe for democracy. Lyndon Johnson's famous peace candidacy of 1964, which became a war program in office, was not the first executive betrayal of an electorate and its reluctance to engage in international slaughter. It is cause for reflection that the presidential elections of 1916, and even of 1940, were won on platforms pledging to keep the nation out of war, by men who promptly led the nation in. (Campaigning for a third term in 1940, Roosevelt declared: "I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.") The fact that the post-mortem congressional reaction to America's unsuccessful aggression in Vietnam has brought forth cries of "neo-isolationism" from opponents, suggests the continuing relevance of the themes first aired in the great debate of the '20s and '30s about America's emerging world role.

Revisionist historians of America's first major international war were impressed by the self-dealing cynicism of its conclusion at Versailles, and the active involvement of Wall Street bankers and other self-benefacting emulators of the British Empire in Washington's resolve to enter the conflict. The Nye investigations of the financial titans and military-industrial war profiteers, which took place during the New Deal, reinforced the historians' interest in the connection between corporate expansion and American internationalism. It also alerted their concern to the situation in Asia, where a similar pattern of "open door" expansion was leading to what seemed a similar conflict with Japan.

Among those troubled by the implications of these events was the Progressive historian Charles A. Beard, one of the most distinguished figures in American intellectual life. Beard saw the dangers inherent in America's economic expansion abroad and the effort to underwrite that expansion politically under the manifesto of the "Open Door." He understood, further, the dynamic of intervention in "foreign quarrels" as a traditional path by which American reform presidents resolved the internal crises created by a monopolistic economy, and thereby escaped the more difficult tasks of social and economic reconstruction at home. In 1935, on the basis of a lifelong study of America's progress, he wrote an awesome prophecy of the coming war with Japan:

> *Confronted by the difficulties of a deepening domestic crisis and by the comparative ease of a foreign war, what will President Roosevelt do? Judging by the past history perhaps it would be more accurate to say, amid powerful conflicting emotions he will "stumble into" the latter.*

by David Horowitz

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The Jeffersonian party gave the nation the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and its participation in the World War. The Pacific War awaits.

Beard's insights into the nature and menace of America's frontier legacy, the connection between liberal reform and imperialist expansion, were later to be revived and extended by the cold war "revisionists." They were partially obscured, however, by the narrowness of Beard's focus in his last great blasts against the Rooseveltian politics that proclaimed peace and domestic reform, while maneuvering the nation inexorably, and deceptively, into imperial war.

Beard's last book, *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War* (1948), has a contemporary ring that is positively eerie. The revelations of presidential deception and manipulation, the concern with the usurpation of Constitutional powers reserved to Congress and the people, all seem taken from yesterday's papers. Its conclusion could serve as an emblem for the conduct of foreign affairs during the next quarter century of American policy and expansion into Asia: "At this point in its history," Beard wrote, "the American Republic has arrived under the theory that the President of the United States possesses limitless authority publicly to misrepresent and secretly to control foreign policy, foreign affairs, and the war power."

[BEARD IS OSTRACIZED]

In the framework of Beard's analysis, a contemporary reader can easily discern how in every respect, from his domestic new dealism to his executive arrogance and aggressive internationalism, Lyndon Baines Johnson was indeed, as he claimed, the disciple of FDR. At the time that Beard developed his critique, however, his analysis of the crisis of the American Republic under the stress of its imperial ambition was overwhelmed by the moral dimensions of the developing European conflict and the aggressive miscalculations of the Axis powers. Set against the background of the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the great wartime coalition against fascism, Beard's portrait of Roosevelt as the 'Caesaristic' betrayer of the American Republic served only to isolate him politically and bury his insights under an avalanche of abuse. Liberal and conservative historians joined together in ostracizing Beard and subjecting his work to scathing and patronizing attacks, which resulted in the rapid eclipse of his academic reputation and influence.

The intellectual juggernaut arrayed against Beard and his revisionist colleagues came from the very heart of the internationalist establishment, and was motivated at least as much by the urgency of the developing cold war crusade, as by a lingering animus from the prewar controversies. In a review article in the *Atlantic,* Rear Admiral and Harvard Professor Samuel Eliot Morison alerted his audience to the fact that Beard was "desperately trying to prove to the American people that they were 'sold down the river' by Roosevelt, and anxious to prevent them from being tricked by Truman into a war with Russia."

What seemed an academic controversy was in reality a struggle over the definition of the national interest at a moment of critical transition in the international order. At that very moment the specter of Soviet Communism was

"The American Republic has arrived under the theory that the President of the United States possesses limitless authority publicly to misrepresent and secretly to control foreign policy, foreign affairs, and the war power."
—Charles A. Beard, 1948

being used by the internationalists to silence the congressional isolationists and underwrite the transformation of *Pax Britannica* into *Pax Americana.* Among the forces marshalling the intellectual interest in behalf of an American imperium was the powerful Council on Foreign Relations, by then the effective long-range planning council for American foreign policy, led by the great figures of American high finance, and backed by the formidable treasuries of the Carnegie-Rockefeller Foundations.

In *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War,* Beard had taken note of the "subsidized and powerful private agencies engaged nominally in propaganda for 'peace' [that] are among the chief promoters of presidential omnipotence in foreign affairs." This was a reference to the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace which had been a mainstay of the internationalist cause in the interwar period, and whose board chairman, John Foster Dulles, was to play a prominent role in launching America's cold war crusade. (It was an appropriate irony that Beard had lost his last permanent academic position at Columbia in 1917, in a celebrated academic freedom case in which he opposed the firing of a young instructor whose pacifism was offensive to Nicholas Murray Butler, the president of both Columbia and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and an ardent supporter of the War.)

In 1946, the Council on Foreign Relations commissioned the definitive answer to Beard and the anti-imperial revisionists. A grant of $139,000 was made to Professors William L. Langer and Everett S. Gleason for a study—eventually published in two volumes as *The Challenge to*

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Isolation (1952) and *The Undeclared War* (1953)—which would provide the scholarly reply to the "partisan controversialists" who had challenged the morality and wisdom of America's new world role.

A distinguished Harvard historian, Langer was not only one of the founding members of the Council on Foreign Relations, but had been submitting classified intelligence papers to the National War College at least since the early '30s, and had been chosen to head the Research and Analysis Division of the OSS during World War II. In preparing his scholarly study, he was not only given a handsome allowance by the internationalist party in Washington and Wall Street, but privileged access to the classified files of the State Department and the Navy (which naturally were not open to partisan controversialists like Beard).

The attack on Beard was a resounding success. It effectively put the revisionist and anti-imperialist perspective on the defensive, removing from it the protective shield of academic respectability. After this episode, it took immense intellectual fortitude to work in the vein that Beard's analysis had opened up. Into the vacuum thus created marched the intellectual mythologizers of the Red Menace.

[INVENTING AN EXPANSIONIST ENEMY]

It is difficult now to recall how pervasive was the myth that one power and one power alone had destroyed the hopes for a peaceful international order at the end of World War II. But the vast U.S. arms buildup, the acquisition of a ring of military bases around the Eurasian land mass, the rearmament of Germany and Japan, the creation of a system of entangling alliances with corrupt and reactionary client states across the globe, and military intervention after military intervention were all sold to the American people as necessary defensive measures to contain the Red Menace, expanding out of Moscow (and later Peking). Nor was there any voice like Beard's issuing from the academic mainstream to challenge the distortion of the historical record, and the misrepresentation of the political reality on which this myth was based.

WIDE WORLD

Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin at Yalta

So ingrained did the myth of the Soviet expansionist threat become, so imbedded in the very language and thought of the times, that a scholarly textbook on American foreign policy written in 1955 could defend the Yalta agreements from right-wing attacks by explaining that by that time (February 1945), "Russian armies had *overrun* all or nearly all of Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Yugoslavia." (Julius W. Pratt, *A History of United States Foreign Policy.* Emphasis added.) This was tantamount to a description of American armies as having "overrun" Western Europe after June 6, 1944; but it was the kind of historical basis on which the cold war myth of Soviet expansionism was built.

While the Soviet Union was portrayed in the speeches of American statesmen and in the scholarly textbooks of the academic profession as expansionist by nature and unable to abide by accepted international norms, America was presented as an international innocent, handicapped in dealing with the cynical masters of the Kremlin by its very idealism and scrupulous regard for international law. Expert after expert was brought forward to explain that the Soviet Union was not a traditional nation state, but an ideological power driven by messianic ambitions, which made the negotiated settlement of issues impossible, and forced upon an unprepared and conciliatory Washington the "defensive" military mentality—which became known as "containment."

As George Kennan, Russian expert and head of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, was to explain, the Soviet governmental machine moved "inexorably along the prescribed path, like a persistent toy automobile wound up and headed in a given direction, stopping only when it meets with some unanswerable force." Twenty years later, Kennan admitted that "it was perfectly clear to anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of the Russia of that day, that the Soviet leaders had no intention of attempting to advance their cause by launching military attacks with their own armed forces across frontiers," and that "in creating NATO . . . [American policymakers] had drawn a line arbitrarily across Europe against an attack no one was planning." But in 1948, he argued that all across the globe the Soviet expansionist threat had to be contained by force. Kennan's famous "X" article on containment appeared, appropriately, in *Foreign Affairs,* the prestigious house organ of the Council on Foreign Relations. It provided the sophisticated rationale for the cold war crusade which became America's Manifest Destiny in the postwar years, wedding American liberalism to American globalism and underwriting the creation of its overseas free world empire.

[DEMOLISHING THE MYTH]

The enormity of the deception on which the American cold war crusade was launched, and then sustained for more than 20 years, has never really registered on the public consciousness, and perhaps never will. But for the record, the myth was utterly destroyed in a series of carefully documented works by the so-called cold war revisionists. This was a disparate group, some of whose roots were in the old Left, some in the new,

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and some in the intellectual traditions of the Progressive Era.*

The revisionist demolition of the cold war myth rested on two common approaches. First, the revisionists resurrected the realities of the power equation in 1945, which had been conveniently ignored by U.S. spokesmen and their academic apologists. Strictly speaking, there were not two great powers in the world at that time, but one; not only did the United States possess an atomic monopoly and the only intact industrial structure in the world, but the war-ravaged, underdeveloped Soviet Union was wrestling with the very real threat of mass starvation and was simply unable—whatever the intentions of its rulers—to fulfill the role prescribed for it in the standard cold war scenarios. (The economic plight and weak strategic posture of the Soviet Union were of course well understood at the time by U.S. intelligence.)

Second, the revisionists painstakingly reconstructed the historical record of the postwar negotiations and demonstrated that Soviet behavior at the conference table and in regard to previously made agreements was perfectly intelligible in terms of the changing realities of power and the policy imperatives of the traditional nation state. The dynamic of the actual breakdown of the wartime coalition was seen in terms of Washington's eagerness to capitalize on its power advantage, and to drive a harder bargain with the Kremlin than the coalition would bear. Moscow's efforts to stabilize its internal regime and secure its buffer zones against the Western pressure provided a self-fulfilling prophecy for the promoters of the totalitarian menace. Thus containment did not save Europe, but made its division inevitable; it did not remove Russia's influence from the East European border states, but guaranteed that its presence would be oppressive and permanent; and the Truman Doctrine was not a program of global self-determination, but of "free world" empire for the United States.

[THE REVISIONIST CASE TAKES HOLD]

To demolish a historical legend was one thing, however, to gain a hearing in academic circles, and the informed media quite another. In the first place such views were dangerously subversive, and at the very least would have been regarded as "fellow travelling" in the benighted '50s; well into the post-McCarthy decade they would have borne the taint of political heresy. In the second place, a vast field of "international studies" had been created in the postwar period by the Carnegie-Rockefeller complex, operating in conjunction with the intelligence apparatus of the State Department and the military. Beginning with Russian and Slavic "area centers" and spreading geographically and linguistically along the frontier line of the U.S. overseas system, nearly 200 institutes focused on Communist activities, ideologies and objectives. The sheer volume of studies produced in these institutes, largely by Russian and East European emigres, joined by academic mandarins and professional intelligence operatives, created an enormous literature on Soviet behavior, which by its inertial weight alone helped to reinforce the basic orienting myth of the cold war: the dynamic character of Soviet actions and the responsive nature of American policy. Thus expansive, messianic Soviet Communism was inevitably the prime mover of the postwar conflict; an idealistic and reluctant America rose to its position of world hegemony, inadvertently, through a series of essentially defensive gestures.

A third factor in slowing the revisionist advance was the continuing academic tradition of State Department history, which provided a scholarly exposition of the cold war drama, and a coherent portrait of the relation between traditional American ideals and the new realities of American power. In this effort, the role once played by Langer was assumed by Herbert Feis, assistant to three secretaries of war, member of the Council on Foreign Relations, and like his predecessor, a beneficiary of privileged access to classified primary sources. In a series of books beginning with *The Road to Pearl Harbor* (1950), which was written *contra* Beard, and including *The China Tangle* (1953), *Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin* (1957), *Between War and Peace* (1960) and *Japan Subdued* (1961), Feis provided a firm scholarly rationale for Washington's cold war policies. His output was reinforced by the regular release of the edited papers and memoirs of U.S. policy officials, treated with a professional deference by the academic community, which extended far beyond their significance as briefs for the government case.

As a result of all these factors, there was little if any recognition, either in the academy or the media, of even the existence of a "revisionist" school of cold war history, until the escalation of the Vietnam War and the massive teach-in campaigns on the campuses made its presence unavoidable. Without these developments, it is entirely possible that the revisionist case would have been buried in the grave that had been dug for Beard's final critiques of the emerging American imperium under Roosevelt.

But the war had changed American consciousness in ways that were both crucial and favorable to the revisionist perspective. It had exposed the dangers inherent in the concentration of executive power, and in the systematic resort to duplicity as a presidential *modus operandi,* both of which were necessary adjuncts to the growth of the American empire, as Beard had argued. It exposed the connection between liberalism and globalism, and made possible a more easy abandonment of the myth of America's unique virtue and special deference to international ideals, and thus undercut the liberal argument for support to the global crusade. Finally, the obviously mythic invocation of the Chinese menace to explain and justify the counter-revolutionary intervention in Vietnam had such distinct parallels with the invocation of the Soviet myth for counter-revolutionary purposes in Greece, and for the intervention in Korea's Civil War, that the revisionist version of cold war history seemed not only plausible, but positively enlightening as to the sources of American conduct.

(*Continued on page 58*)

*** Their works included** *We Can Be Friends,* **1952 (Carl Marzani);** *American-Russian Relations,* **1952 and** *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy,* **1959 (Wm. A. Williams);** *The Cold War and Its Origins,* **2 vols. 1960 (D. F. Fleming);** *Economic Aspects of New Deal Diplomacy,* **1964 and** *Architects of Illusion,* **1970 (Lloyd C. Gardner);** *Atomic Diplomacy,* **1965 (Gar Alperovitz);** *The Free World Colossus,* **1965 and** *Empire and Revolution,* **1969 (David Horowitz);** *The Politics of War,* **1968 (Gabriel Kolko); and** *The Limits of Power,* **1972 (Gabriel and Joyce Kolko); and** *Yalta,* **1970 (Diane S. Clemens). (The writings of Isaac Deutscher on the Soviet Union, though different in intellectual origin and scope, provided important support for the revisionist effort.)**

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The Second Frame-up of

Julius and Ethel Rosenberg

The Implosion Conspiracy, by Louis Nizer, Doubleday & Co., $10.00.

Twenty years ago, on June 19, 1953, Ethel Rosenberg, 37, and Julius Rosenberg, 35—after three years of imprisonment—were put to death in the electric chair at Sing Sing, in Ossining, N.Y., by order of the United States Government. To the end they insisted on their innocence. They had been convicted of conspiracy to commit espionage but in the mass media they were known as "atom spies"—traitors who had given the secret of the bomb to the Russians.

It was a chilling Cold War episode, and its message was heard 'round the world. Sartre and other European intellectuals saw the decision to execute the couple—in the face of massive worldwide clemency appeals—as a sign that America was prepared to go all the way in pursuit of its interests. The final scene was played out with an open telephone line between the death house and Washington: at the Department of Justice, top officials gathered in J. Edgar Hoover's office to await word that the Rosenbergs had broken and confessed; and at the White House, President Dwight Eisenhower was on hand ready to halt the proceedings. The Rosenbergs, who had two young sons six and ten years old, had been notified that their lives would be spared if they talked—which meant admitting to a crime that they had steadfastly denied and offering the names of other victims. They died rather than do that. The French Catholic writer Francois Mauriac, in a commentary titled "Torture by Hope," referred scathingly to the "simple telephone wire which the day before the Sabbath linked the White House and Sing Sing and which will link them forever."

Walter Schneir is co-author of Invitation to an Inquest, *and author of a forthcoming book on class conflict in America.*

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

by Walter Schneir

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In the fall of 1949 President Truman had announced to the American people that an atomic explosion had occurred in the USSR. The American atomic bomb monopoly was ended. Truman commented that the development "was to be expected," adding: "Nearly four years ago I pointed out that 'scientific opinion appears to be practically unanimous that the essential theoretical knowledge upon which the discover is based is already widely known. There is also substantial agreement that foreign research can come abreast of our present theoretical knowledge in time.' " One of those who concurred with this calm assessment was General Eisenhower, then president of Columbia University, who observed that "the news we have been given by the President merely confirms scientific predictions."

But other voices were heard crying that America's atomic "secrets" had been stolen. One of the most strident was that of Rep. Richard M. Nixon of the House Un-American Activities Committee who already had been catapulted to national fame by the Hiss case. He attacked Truman for failing to act against Red spies and charged that an espionage ring "was responsible for turning over information on the atom bomb to agents of the Russian government."

In early February 1950, Americans learned from front-page headlines of the arrest of Klaus Fuchs in England as a Soviet spy. A physicist who had done wartime work in the U.S. on the atomic bomb project at Los Alamos, N.M., Fuchs was a peculiar and perhaps psychotic individual and the case against him depended on his own confession. Only part of this confession has ever been released and to this day we have no way of knowing whether Fuchs' rambling statement was true and whether it contained specific information implicating any American who may have dealt with the British scientist while he was at Los Alamos. In short, the Fuchs case was a perfect open-ended situation to which almost any story might be appended.

During the spring and summer of 1950, a series of nine federal arrests occurred in the United States which, from Department of Justice press releases, the public was led to understand were somehow linked with a Soviet atomic spy ring, communism, and the confession of Klaus Fuchs. Four of the nine later were shown to have no connection whatsoever with any atomic espionage ring. The remaining five became the principal personae of the great atom bomb robbery trial of Cold War America.

Harry Gold, a 39-year-old Philadelphia chemist with a Walter Mitty personality, was arrested on May 23, 1950. In a triumphant joint announcement, Hoover and the attorney general hailed the capture of the pudgy, dreamy-eyed bachelor as the wartime accomplice of Fuchs. In June came the arrest of an ex-GI, David Greenglass, a 28-year-old New York City machinist, who had been assigned to Los Alamos during the war. Greenglass, described in the press as a former member of the Young Communist League, was said to have given data on the atomic bomb to Harry Gold. On July 17 a new conspirator was jailed: Greenglass's brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg, an electrical engineer who had been fired from a government job for alleged CP membership. A month later his wife, Ethel Greenglass Rosenberg, also was arrested and soon afterwards came the arrest of Morton Sobell, a 33-year-old engineer and classmate of Julius' at City College of New York. In the midst of these arrests, the Korean War began.

When the Rosenberg-Sobell trial opened in March 1951, at the federal courthouse at Foley Square in New York City, there were no defense committees and little or no coverage in the Left press. Unlike the Berrigans, Angela Davis, the Chicago Conspiracy, the Panthers and other radical defendants of the '60s and early '70s, the Rosenbergs and Sobell were isolated. After relatively short proceedings (14 trial days) they were found guilty; Sobell (who was not accused of stealing atomic secrets) received 30 years and the Rosenbergs death. The public had only the slightest idea of the government's evidence but from the tone of the newspaper accounts the prosecution's case must have seemed ironclad. As to the seriousness of the matter, Americans of the '50s could entertain no doubts. In what now seems one of the most incredible sentencing speeches in the nation's history, Judge Irving R. Kaufman told Ethel and Julius Rosenberg: ". . . I believe your conduct in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb years before our best scientists predicted Russia would perfect the bomb has already caused, in my opinion, the Communist aggression in Korea, with the resultant casualties exceeding 50,000 and who knows but that millions more of innocent people may pay the price of your treason. Indeed, by your betrayal you undoubtedly have altered the course of history to the disadvantage of our country. . . . We have evidence of your

Morton Sobell led to arraignment, August 24, 1950

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treachery all around us every day—for the civilian defense activities throughout the nation are aimed at preparing us for an atom bomb attack. . . ."

This hysterical outpouring by Kaufman is, of course, palpable drivel (It did his career no harm, however: he is presently a judge of the Court of Appeals and several months ago was said to be in line for the post of Watergate prosecutor). But leaving aside Kaufman's fantasies, were the Rosenbergs and Sobell guilty of espionage? How much evidence was there against them?

[THE GOVERNMENT INVENTS A CASE]

Not until many months after the death sentence was a defense committee formed, but eventually this committee printed up and sold thousands of copies of the trial record. What the record revealed to people all over the world is that the government's case depended largely on the testimony of the Greenglasses and Gold, witnesses whose credibility—in terms of either self-interest or psychological makeup—was highly suspect. As for documentary evidence, there were dozens of prosecution exhibits but not one of them pointed directly and unequivocally to espionage. The exhibits included none of the well-known paraphernalia of spies: short-wave radios, miniature cameras, receptacles for drops, forged or real passports, microfilming equipment, code books, hidden caches of funds, false identity cards. Some of the government exhibits were blatantly political, such as a nominating petition signed by Ethel Rosenberg on behalf of a Communist Party candidate for New York City Councilman and a coin collection container with the printed legend "Save a Spanish Republican Child" that a vigilant FBI agent had found in the Rosenberg apartment. Nor did the government claim that any of its papers had been stolen or even copied by the defendants. It was the contention of the prosecution that David Greenglass, in the course of his work as a machinist at the atomic installation, had memorized information which he later passed to Gold and Julius in the form of sketches and descriptive material.

For anyone who wants to ask hard questions about the Rosenberg-Sobell trial, there is one central episode which cannot be ignored, for it constitutes the very heart of the government's case—the so-called Jello-box meeting. During a visit to the Rosenberg apartment in New York City while David was on furlough, the Greenglasses were said to have been given one half of a Jello box top from Julius, who retained the other half. Later, on June 3, 1945, Gold allegedly visited the Greenglasses at their Albuquerque apartment, produced the matching part of the Jello box (which Harry said he had received from his espionage superior, Yakovlev), uttered a password with the name "Julius," received atom bomb information from David, and paid $500 in return. This key incident was buttressed by documentary evidence: an Albuquerque Hilton card in the name of Harry Gold, dated June 3, 1945, and a record of a $400 bank deposit made the following day by Ruth Greenglass.

In 1955 two books appeared that attacked the verdict: *The Atom Spy Hoax* (Action Books) by William A. Reuben and *The Judgment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg* (Cameron & Kahn) by John Wexley. Both authors disbelieved the

David Greenglass arrives in court for sentencing, April 5, 1951

prosecution story of the Jello-box meeting. Reuben speculated that Gold's stay at the Hotel Hilton on June 3 had nothing to do with the Greenglasses. Wexley, whose suspicions were aroused by the fact that the registration card was introduced as a photostat, concluded on the basis of some research and astute deduction that the card was a probable forgery.

During the five years that Miriam Schneir and I were researching and writing our study of the Rosenberg-Sobell case, *Invitation to an Inquest* (Doubleday, 1965; Penguin paperback, 1973), we spent considerable time investigating all aspects of the Jello-box meeting. We were able to obtain a copy of the June 3 card introduced at the trial and, for reasons presented in an entire chapter, established that the prosecution exhibit was indeed a forgery. We also discovered and secured recordings of pre-trial conversations between Gold and his attorneys. These recordings contained an intermediate version of the Albuquerque meeting—recounted after over 100 hours of FBI interrogation—in which there was no mention of Julius, a Jello box, or a stay at the Hilton. These and other findings were used by Morton Sobell in 1966 to try to obtain a hearing at which witnesses—including Gold, the Greenglasses, and FBI agents—could be subpoenaed. The motion was denied, as has been every other request for an evidentiary hearing in the case. But in the course of this matter, attorneys for Sobell wrote to FBI Director Hoover requesting the original of the Hilton registration card and were informed that it had been destroyed.

[NIZER FOR THE PROSECUTION]

In February 1972 the *New York Times* reported that the well-known attorney Louis Nizer had written a screen play on the case for Otto Preminger and now was expanding his account for a book to be published by Doubleday. Nizer, a millionaire lawyer, is the author of a number of bestsellers about his courtroom experiences and also a defense of the Warren Commission report. He has frequently stated publicly that his biases against Communists are so strong that he could not accept one as a

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client. In October 1972 a two-page ad appeared in *Publishers Weekly* with a headline stating: "The master of courtroom suspense delivers the final verdict." The text asserted that the forthcoming book would answer "once and for all—every question about the spy story of the century."

The ad promised: "The initial advertising budget will include the most extensive television campaign ever mounted for a work of general non-fiction—a campaign in which Louis Nizer will participate. Otto Preminger will turn the book into a feature film. Major reviews and major sales are assured." The initial ad budget was listed as $110,000.

When the Nizer book, *The Implosion Conspiracy*, appeared in February 1973 it clearly did not fulfill the promise of the Doubleday ad that its author would deliver "the final verdict" or answer "every question" on the case. In fact, the book could have been written immediately after the executions for it takes no account of any of the newly discovered evidence nor does it offer any original information. Nizer even claims that the question of guilt or innocence "is a wrong question" (though it is clear enough which side he is on) and that instead we should concern ourselves with whether or not the jury had sufficient evidence to convict. Yet with all this, Nizer's book is worth close scrutiny, for it represents the first large-scale effort by the mass media to depict a piece of the domestic history of the '50s.

My own reaction to *The Implosion Conspiracy* changed in the course of reading it. At first I appraised the book as a sloppy, simple-minded exercise in courtroom schmaltz ("The Rosenberg trial is not only the most extraordinary spy story of the century, it is a love story."). There are no footnotes, sources, or index. Moreover, the book is distinguished by a truly impressive number of errors. Even the dust jacket contains misspellings of the names of major figures in the case. On page 80 we have Julius telling Ruth Greenglass to take her "child" with her to Albuquerque and on page 122 the same scene is described with a reference to "children." But the Greenglasses had no offspring at the time. On page 149 we are told that Gold came to the U.S. at the age of 14; actually he was three. On the same page we learn that the FBI "swooped down" on Gold at the Philadelphia Heart Hospital; however on page 161 we are informed that "Gold was arrested by the FBI while he was in his office at Brothman Associates. Brothman was later convicted for espionage." Working backwards from this melange of mistakes, Brothman never was convicted or even indicted for espionage. Gold was not arrested in New York at the office of Brothman Associates—he hadn't been there for years—nor was he arrested at the Philadelphia Heart Hospital. Instead, he was questioned for about a week at his home and at the FBI's offices and then, a model of supine cooperation, entered "voluntary custody" in a Philadelphia hotel where he was staying when Hoover announced his arrest as Fuchs' courier. During this entire period he was not represented by an attorney (though Nizer does not mention this), but that fact didn't make any difference since Harry was just wild about confessing.

On page 150 we read that "Gold dealt directly with Anatoli Yakovlev the chief of the spy network" who "was sheltered by an official position with the Russian delegation to the United Nations." Wrong again. Yakovlev was identified at the trial as Soviet vice-consul in New York City. Again on page 150: "When the spy ring was cracked, Yakovlev was indicted, . . . but the Russian Embassy had no difficulty in speeding him out of the country." Actually Yakovlev had left the country over three years previously, as Nizer himself indicates on page 161 but here he has Yakovlev—previously "sheltered" by his non-existent UN post—now "protected by his diplomatic post in the Russian Embassy." As for the Russians "speeding him out of the country," here are the facts: documents introduced at the trial (exhibit 26) showed that Yakovlev, far from departing in haste, booked passage for himself and his family with the U.S. Lines in October 1946 for a November 14 sailing to Europe and, when a dock strike intervened, did not sail until December 27.

[ERRORS OR LIES?]

Yet for someone who is familiar with the Rosenberg-Sobell trial the realization gradually dawns that this book is not merely a hodgepodge of errors but, far more pernicious, a deliberate falsification of facts and history—much like the case itself.

In his introduction, Nizer assures the reader of his complete impartiality (". . . I have presented all the evidence and nuances on both sides fairly and fully.") and declares that in writing about a trial there "is no place for fiction or even imaginative reconstruction. That is the path to a counterfeit presentation. Authenticity is the key." But nowhere in the book does Nizer reveal that he makes copious use of both "fiction" and "imaginative reconstruction." Sometimes this created material is presented in Q. and A. format, as on pp. 59, 76-78, 79-81, 157-158, 161, etc.; sometimes, as on pp. 97-101, it appears in the text as narrative. Using this method, Nizer freely edits and condenses trial testimony, without indicating deletions, and so makes the stories of prosecution witnesses appear far more lucid and coherent than they actually were.

To demonstrate that the Rosenbergs received a fair shake from the judicial system, Nizer boasts that "no criminal case in American history enjoyed so many applications to the courts, twenty-three; was reviewed by so many judges, 112. . . ." That statement has been widely quoted in the press, but it can be refuted out of hand. The Caryl Chessman case, for one, was in the courts far longer and was the subject of more than twice as many appeals. The figure of 112 judges, count them 112, seems impressive unless you happen to notice an appendix hidden in the back of the book (there is no table of contents) that explains how this figure was arrived at. When the Supreme Court denied review, Nizer courts this as nine judges. When the defense asked the court to reconsider its denial and the court refused, Nizer counts this as nine more. Of it 112 judges, 87 are the very same Supreme Court judges of whom Justice Hugo Black said on the day of the executions: "It is not amiss to point out that this court has never reviewed this record and has never affirmed the fairness of the trial below."

Among the illustrations in *Invitation to an Inquest* are

(*Continued on page 48*)

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Reviews

Deja Vu: WHICH STATE? WHICH SIEGE?

by Andrew Kopkind

Watching the recent films of Costa-Gavras is a lot like tuning in on the 6:30 news. Is it in Greece (*Z*), Uruguay (*State of Siege*) or America (*The CBS Evening News*) that a center-conservative government secretly uses its own police agencies and sanctions right-wing thugs to operate the machinery of surveillance and terror against "subversives?" Scenes from James McCord's Watergate testimony, for instance, could be intercut with shots of the Tupamaros' interrogation of the American AID official in *State of Siege* with hardly a break in continuity. Costa-Gavras and his screenwriters (Jorge Semprun in *Z*, Franco Solinas in *Siege*) understood the dynamics of republican repression ahead of the Watergate revelations, but it amounts to much the same thing.

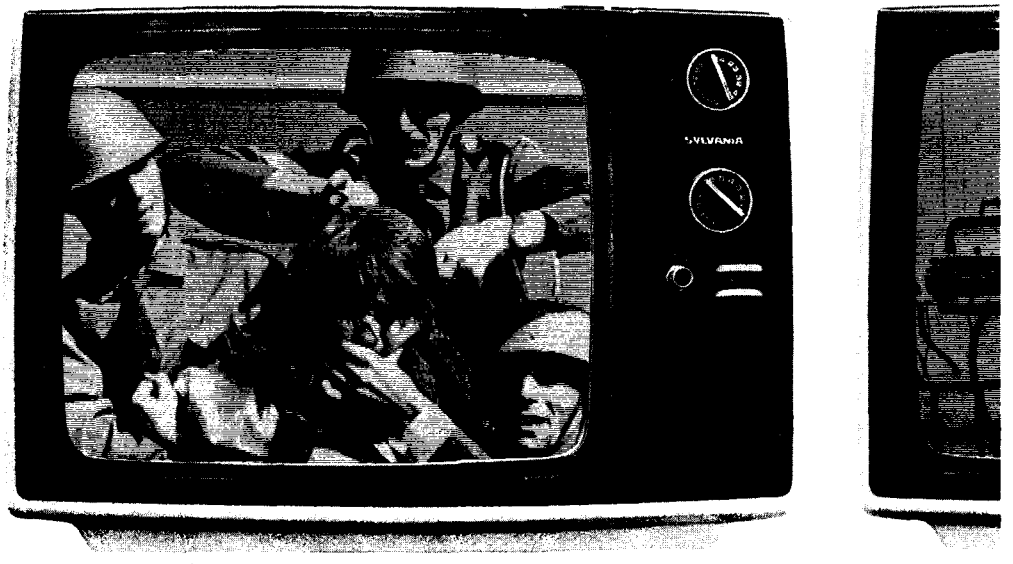
The embarrassing accuracy of Costa-Gavras' descriptions of police terror and government duplicity in *State of Siege* was grasped by culture bureaucrats in Washington, who prohibited its showing at the opening of the Kennedy Center's film theater (compare: the list of banned culture items flashed at the end of *Z*). But since terror is never total and the Index is selectively enforced, the movie is currently in the midst of a well-publicized commercial run. Perhaps the prospective censors put their faith in the critics' theories of art to undermine the movie's real-life message. And indeed a critical debate did develop around the nonsense question: "but is it art?", complete with talmudic arguments about the manipulation of chronological sequences for the maximization of suspense—as if Costa-Gavras had to be Hitchcock, or Solinas (who wrote *Burn* and *Battle of Algiers*) was supposed to be Ross MacDonald. *State of Siege* is not a technical exercise in film-making, but a penetrating portrayal of history; the fact that it is the product of the vision of two masterful film-makers only enhances its power.

Seen on the surface, the movie concerns the kidnapping and eventual execution of Dan A. Mitrione, an AID "traffic expert" assigned to train and direct the Uruguayan police in intelligence, torture and terror operations against the Left. Mitrione, a rather unappealing and banal police bureaucrat (too elegantly played by Yves Montand in the film), ended up in Montevideo after a career of dirty tricks in Latin America. He patterned his Uruguayan torture procedures and the "Escadron de la Mort" (the "death squad," which assassinates radicals) on models he had previously developed in Brazil and Guatemala. The Tupamaros, an urban guerrilla vanguard group in Uruguay, chose to kidnap Mitrione as a way of forcing a parliamentary crisis and dramatizing the sordid underside of the "democratic" government and its collusion with American imperial strategy.

"We hadn't wanted to make a suspense film," Franco Solinas said in an interview. "We tried to put our question to the public, not on the classic level—is he going to die?—but rather, is he or isn't he responsible? And his culpability was also not the classic sort—as if he had killed or stolen—but much broader, a responsibility of a political order. Our point of view is not 'romantic.' We do not make a moralistic speech. We do not try to find out whether Mitrione was 'good or bad.' Mitrione interested us because he represents a system that is bad for the majority of people."

On quite another plane, *State of Siege* is about the political stage between a libertarian republic and a repressive dictatorship. Uruguay in the late '60s under the Pacheco Areco government was not a totalitarian regime like, say, the military junta of Brazil. There was an authentic and articulate (if frightened) parliamentary opposition in Montevideo, an opposition press, and permitted forms of oppositional social movements (the Tupamaros, however, were outlawed and considered fair game for annihilation: a condition perhaps a half-step beyond that of the Black Panthers four years ago or the Black Liberation Army today in the United States).

Costa-Gavras is fascinated by that "transitional" political stage. He used it before in *Z*, which was set in the Greece of the parliamentary Karamanlis government, before the colonels' *coup d'état*. In both pictures, an administration of senior bureaucrats, wealthy industrialists and arrogant generals use terror tactics on the sly,



Z—Salonica, Greece

Andrew Kopkind is a free-lance journalist now living in Boston.

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under pressure from imperial interests on the one hand and their own paranoid fantasies on the other. The weird and wealthy right-wing leader in *Z,* who lectures about the revolutionary "disease" which must be fought by counter-insurgent "antibodies," is echoed in *Siege* by the Mitrione character:

"You are subversives, Communists," he tells his Tupa interrogator. "You want to destroy the foundations of society, the fundamental values of our Christian civilization, the very existence of the free world. You are an enemy who must be fought in every possible way."

None of Costa-Gavras' political movies (which includes *The Confession,* about the Stalinist purges in Czechoslovakia) is primarily focused on the revolutionary reaction to repression. Liberals, radicals and the Left in all contexts are treated as functions of the repressive regimes. The liberal opposition in *Z* is a naive, elitist and unheroic amalgam of Kennedy and Papandreou styles: they are "good guys," ultimately incapable of defending themselves or Greek democracy.

The Tupamaros in *State of Siege* are more competent, but still too middle-class, romantic and narrow-based to seize, hold and consolidate power. Their political and dramatic function is to precipitate a crisis in the ruling regime. What happens then is . . . worse? The revelations of official conspiracies in the Lambrakis Affair in Greece (the real-life story of *Z*) led to the brief popularity of the liberal opposition to the center-conservative government, and this quickly led to the colonels' coup. The provocations and exposés of the Tupamaros in Uruguay gave rise to support for the anti-Pacheco Left—followed, dialectically, by the shoring up of the conservative government and the imposition of severe counter-radical measures.

The implicit parallel to the course of events in France, where Greek born Costa-Gavras now lives, and in the United States is clear, if perhaps too simple. Serious and disruptive provocations by the Left in the '60s produced Pompidou there and Nixon here, with attendant crackdowns on the Left in both places. The "1970 Intelligence Plan," Nixon's secret schedule of spying, bugging, burglary, and who-knows what else, is unfolding now like the end-papers from some future Costa-Gavras script, in which thinly fictionalized student bomb-throwers are overwhelmed by runaway reaction.

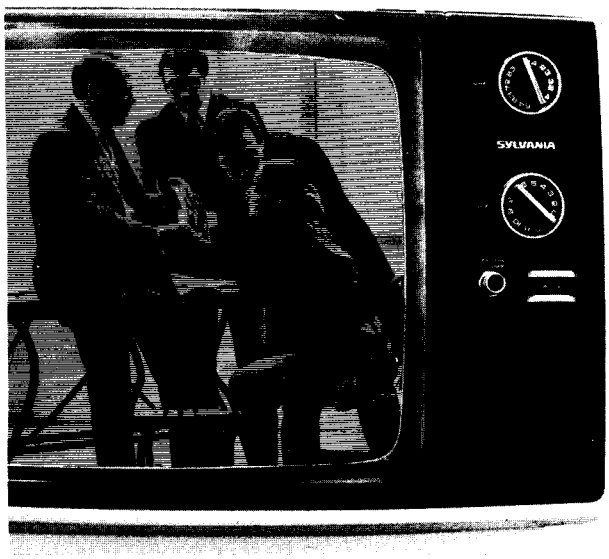
For such implications of pessimism or even cynicism, Costa-Gavras has been over-criticized by the revolutionary Left in America. It is egregiously incorrect to blame repression on the exercise of resistance. What's more, Costa-Gavras is faulted for overemphasizing the intrigues of the state and cartooning the reality of the Left—Uruguay as well as Greece.

My own impression is that Costa-Gavras is neither cynical nor un-radical, and that his films—especially *State of Siege*—go beyond some movies, books or plays with a more kosher revolutionary line by analyzing what the newer Lefts conspicuously neglect: the power of the state.

Current analyses of radical failures —in America and Europe—concentrate on the problems within the various movements, on sectarian strife, or on the inability of political institutions to resolve personal problems of their adherents. Thus the revolution in America in the '60s failed—it is said—because SDS was a student non-working class organization; because Progressive Labor, the Trots, Weathermen and Communists were always at each other's throats; or because the Left institutions could not cope with sexism, racism, classism and the alienation of radical youth. Be that as it may, it leaves out a crucial component of the equation: namely, the might and majesty of the American imperium, in the thoroughness of its repression, the subtlety of its cooptation, the immensity of its resources.

It's a wonder that the Left has gotten as far as it has: up to a state of chronic siege, in which the power of the American government, while overwhelming, is not absolute, and the impotence of the movements, while frustrating, is not complete. This is exactly the state where we find ourselves, and Costa-Gavras seems to know its every nuance.

The siege-phase is not eternal; it is a point on the historical continuum that will see successive states of resistance and repression. Other moviemakers will be able to depict those future frames. Costa-Gavras gets into the point now. ■



State of Siege—Montevideo, Uruguay

CBS Evening News—U.S.A.

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THE ALMANAC

by Derek Shearer

Publication of Movement or Left-oriented literature is a touchy business. The big commercial publishers with lavish promotional budgets and national distribution come through with some books of interest to the Left—when the author is well-enough established, or the subject is topical enough. The publishers with a more intense interest in movement literature are often small and have a hard time getting attention for their wares.

Both Random House's **Vintage Books** and Doubleday's **Anchor Books** have taken an interest in developments in Allende's Chile. Anchor recently published **Dale Johnson's** excellent reader on Chile, **The Chilean Road to Socialism.** Vintage, meanwhile, has come out with **We Must Make Haste Slowly—The Process of Revolution in Chile,** a journalistic report by a young Movement writer named **David Morris.**

Anchor has recently made other interesting forays into Left-oriented literature—for example, **Socialism and Revolution,** by **Andre Gorz,** a translation of his *Le Socialisme Difficile*; and **No More Masks—An Anthology of Poems by Women** edited by **Florence Howe** and **Ellen Bass.**

Vintage has been less adventurous than in the past, but three new interesting titles have come to my attention: **Cover-Up,** by **New York Times** reporter **Seymour Hersh,** about how the Army tried to suppress word of the My Lai massacre; **The Truman Era,** a collection of articles from the '50s by **I. F. Stone**; and **For Reasons of State,** a new collection of essays on the war and politics by **Noam Chomsky.**

Meanwhile, **Grossman Publishers,** another commercial house, has been publishing most of the **Nader reports.** Two of the most recent in this important series (available in hardcover) are **The Politics of Land,** by **Robert Fellmeth,** on land ownership in California; and **Corporate Power in America,** edited by **Ralph Nader** and **Mark Green,** a collection of essays on controlling corporations.

Greenwood Press, a relatively unknown commercial publisher, has published a number of interesting studies on the **labor movement, politics** and **business** in the U.S. Their 1973 catalog is available by writing 51 Riverside Ave., Westport, Conn. 06880. Tel. (202) 226-3571. Watch in particular for the upcoming book **American Radicalism 1890-1960**—a collection of introductions to Greenwood's reprints of 108 socialist, anarchist and communist publications. The entire collection, published in 408 volumes, costs $16,970.50, and should be in major libraries.

There is quite a variety of Movement publishers, and I can only mention three which have recently come to my attention.

On the West Coast, the **United Front Press** has taken over distribution of the pamphlets formerly carried by the Radical Education Project in Detroit and the Bay Area Radical Education Project, both of which have folded. The Press also offers its own original pamphlets—covering topics like **GI revolts** and the **Movement of U.S. Companies Overseas.** (For a free catalog and order form, write: United Front Press, Box 40099, San Francisco, Ca. 94140.)

North of the border, the **New Hogtown Press** handles a wide range of literature dealing mainly with Canada, including pamphlets on **Political Repression in Canadian History, Working Class Toronto,** and **Researching the Canadian Political Economy.** They also carry material on the **women's movement.** (For a free literature list, write: New Hogtown Press, 12 Hart Circle, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Tel. (416) 928-4909.)

The **Centro de Estudios Chicanos** (Center of Chicano Studies), 5716 Lindo Passeo, San Diego, Ca. 92115, publishes an annotated **bibliography,** an anthology of Chicano **poetry** and collections of Chicano **songs** and **writings.** A price list is available on request.

Last year Jack Scott, a former sports columnist for RAMPARTS, was hired as director of athletics at Oberlin College; he was also attacked by Spiro Agnew for his criticism of big-time sports. The **Institute for the Study of Sport and Society,** founded by Jack Scott in Berkeley a few years ago, publishes a regular newsletter—$10 a year for those who can afford; it will be sent free to those who can't. (Write: Institute for the Study of Sport and Society, Hales Gym, Oberlin College, Ohio 44074. Telephone (216) 774-1221, extension 7225.)

Publications by people associated with the Institute include: **The Athletic Revolution** by **Jack Scott** (Free Press paperback); **Rip Off the Big Game** by **Paul Hoch** (Anchor paperback); **Meat on the Hoof** by **Gary Shaw** (Dell paperback); and **Out of Their League** by **Dave Meggyesy** (Paperback Library).

A book of related interest is **The Fifth Down: Democracy and the Football Revolution** by **Neil Amdur** (Delta paperback), about a maverick high school coach with a democratic approach to sports.

The Institute maintains research files and likes to keep in contact with individuals and groups which are concerned about the exploitation of sports by government and by big business.

* * *

The **Council on Economic Priorities** is a non-profit organization which disseminates information on the practices of U.S. corporations in six major areas: employment, environmental quality, military production, political influence, consumer prices, and foreign activities. It issues a bi-monthly report and publishes special industry studies.

The January-March 1973 report **Minding the Corporate Conscience,** contains a useful summary of all the activist groups which are battling corporations. The Council tends to avoid a political analysis, but its reports are chock full of facts useful to organizers, muckrakers, and political economists. (Write: The Council on Economic Priorities, 456 Greenwich St., New York, N.Y. 10013. Tel. (212) 431-4770. Request a free copy of their publications list.) ■

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc. should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.

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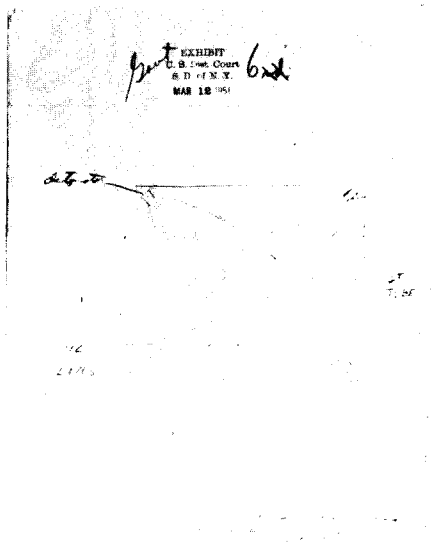
ROSENBERGS

(*From page 44*)

reproductions of various prosecution exhibits, including David's atom bomb sketches which were said to be replicas of similar drawings passed to Gold and Rosenberg. *The Implosion Conspiracy* has 16 pages of illustrations but none are trial exhibits. The omission of the sketches is particularly striking because the book title refers to the detonating process, implosion, supposedly communicated to the Russians, and Nizer endorses the view that the material was of awesome importance. Why then are the sketches left out? Perhaps because these rudimentary drawings so clearly belie extravagant statements like President Eisenhower's in 1953—"by immeasurably increasing the chances of atomic war, the Rosenbergs may have condemned to death millions of innocent people all over the world"—Nizer decided not to let reality intrude on his comic strip version of events.

Immediately after Hiroshima and Nagasaki, scores of scientists had tried to educate the American people to the hard facts of the new Atomic Age. They emphasized that the scientific developments that had led to the bomb were known to physicists in all nations and that the U.S. already had revealed to the world the only really meaningful secret involved: that a chain reaction is possible and can be used to make a bomb. One scientist, Selig Hecht, wrote: "Of course there have been—and still are—many technical and engineering secrets . . . the kind that competing motorcar manufacturers keep from one another. In a short time competent engineers and inventors can duplicate them and probably improve them." But this commonsense talk was soon drowned out by a flood of propaganda warning of the possible theft by Red spies of the nation's atomic "secrets." By the '50s, when the government perpetrated the hoax that the Rosenbergs had stolen the "secret" of the atomic bomb, millions of Americans were prepared to believe the story. Scientists who knew better were inhibited from speaking out by fear of political reprisals or loss of security clearance and the few who did, including Harold Urey and Albert Einstein, were largely ignored.

Greenglass sketch of "implosion bomb"



In 1967, however, attorneys for Sobell were able to obtain scientific appraisals of David Greenglass' sketch of the Nagasaki implosion bomb. Philip Morrison, a probable co-holder of the patent on the Nagasaki bomb, called the Greenglass sketch a "caricature." Henry Linschitz, who, like Morrison, actually had participated in the assembly of the first implosion bombs, called Greenglass' data "garbled" and commented: "It is not possible in any technologically useful way to condense the results of a two billion dollar development effort into a diagram, drawn by a high school graduate machinist on a single piece of paper." But none of this is mentioned in Nizer's book.

Time and time again Nizer comes to the rescue of the prosecution with outright lies. In the midst of the trial a CCNY college classmate of Julius and Morton Sobell was arrested for perjury. Prosecutor Irving Saypol informed the press that the government had expected to use the tesimony of the arrested man to corroborate the Greenglasses. This statement appeared in a front-page *Times* story headlined "Columbia Teacher Arrested; Linked to Two on Trial As Spies." Later, the Court of Appeals condemned Saypol's statement as "wholly reprehensible." Nizer, however, ever anxious to attest to the fairness of the trial, declares that the possible harm of the prosecution behavior was mitigated because "the jury was locked up every night" and adds the quip that "a humorist once commented that the United States is the only country where the jury is locked up and the defendant goes home." But the eminent attorney must surely know that in the Rosenberg-Sobell trial the jury was never locked up—but the defendants were in jail from the moment of their arrests, since none of them could raise the $100,000 bail imposed.

Nothing unmasks Nizer's intent to fool the reader better than his outrageous handling of the Greenglass arrest. The real events occured as follows: On June 15, 1950 at 2 p.m., David, then working nights, was in his apartment preparing a formula for his four-week-old daughter. His wife was not present. She had incurred severe burns in an accident several months earlier and had been rehospitalized with an infection two days before. FBI agents knocked on the door and, without either a search or arrest warrant, asked to speak with David. He acquiesced and over the next 12 hours—at his apartment and later at the FBI office—was interrogated with no attorney present. At 2 a.m. he signed a statement admitting to a meeting with Gold, but subsequently tried to recant this confession.

Here is how Nizer distorts this event:

" 'It is the FBI. Open the door.'

"Greenglass looked at his wife in panic. . . . Four FBI men entered. . . . One said politely:

" 'You are Mr. David Greenglass?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'You are Mrs. Ruth Greenglass?'

"She stared at him without answering. . . .

"The agent produced his credentials and turned to David. 'We are from the FBI. We have a warrant. You are under arrest. We have a search warrant.' "

All completely legal and according to the best liberal procedures; all completely cock and bull.

[SLEIGHT OF HAND]

When evidence that the June 3, 1945 registration card was a forgery appeared in *Invitation to an Inquest,* some critics found this hard to accept precisely because we had shown that the card contains a

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clear-cut dating mistake. The thinking of these critics was similar to that of an assistant U.S. attorney who commented: "Even those with a frame of mind to accuse the FBI of dishonesty do not accuse it of being completely incompetent." But the forging of a document is not easy, particularly if one must start from scratch. Even the simplest document involves a surprising number of elements. The problems are compounded if there is a need for haste in producing the forgery. That human error will creep in is not surprising. In fact, a perfect forgery is virtually impossible.

Recently, we all have received some illuminating instruction in this little-discussed area of government enterprise as a consequence of the grand jury testimony of E. Howard Hunt, who was given the task of forging State Department documents linking the late President Kennedy with the assassination of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem. To accomplish his assignment, Hunt recounted, he first had to obtain and study back files in the State Department. Then he required "technical assistance" which was not available. Making the best of things, he prepared a text by adhering to the "type of language" used in authentic State Department cables. He knew from his research that his forgeries should have a stamp indicating that a copy had gone to the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library but this was not available to him. Neither was he able to secure the proper typewriter face. At the top of the State Department documents, he noted, was a heading that included a time-stamp and at the bottom the signatures of departmental officials. For these important elements he employed an authentic document and "simply by Xeroxing and re-Xeroxing, I substituted a text for what previously had been a legitimate cable."

But he was "not satisfied with the result" and told his White House superior: "These will never stand any kind of scrutiny. . . . Let's be very sure about that." And Hunt himself testified regarding the flaws in his forgeries: "So I knew this was a technical problem that could not be overcome. So if anybody was going to see these cables, they'd simply have to see them. They could never be published. So there would just have to be a fast brush show on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. . . ."

What Hunt so aptly calls "a fast brush show" is precisely the sleight of hand feat that was performed by the prosecution at the Rosenberg-Sobell trial when they introduced Gold's registration card. That Nizer ignores all evidence that the card is a forgery is bad enough. What is inexcusable is that he leaves the reader with a completely erroneous impression and thus, in effect, participates in the "fast brush show" that was accomplished so deftly by the prosecution at the trial.

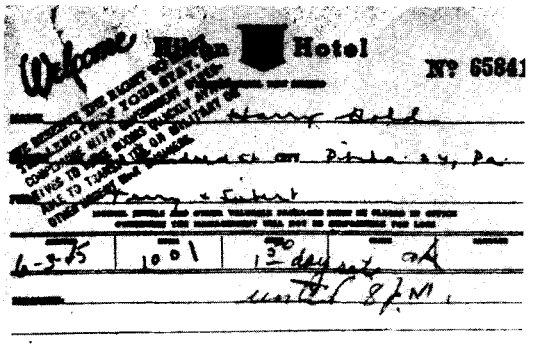
Nizer, as an experienced attorney, is well aware that when a document is introduced into evidence a witness must be available to testify to its authenticity. At the trial, the proper time to introduce the card would have been at the moment when Gold testified that—quite inexplicably—he had registered at the hotel on the day of his alleged Jello box meeting with the Greenglasses. Instead, prosecutor Saypol introduced the card in an offhand manner a day later, when Gold had left the stand and the court session was drawing to a close. The following conference occurred at the bench out of the jury's hearing.

Saypol: "I now have some testimony which it is possible there may be a stipulation on: the fact of the registration of Harry Gold at the Hotel Hilton on June 3. I have a photostat of the registration card. I also have the original on the way, together with a witness if required. . . . May I first inquire of counsel whether they will stipulate as to the records or whether they will insist upon strict technical proof?"

Bloch: "I am certainly not going to insist on strict technical testimony."

Saypol then formally introduced the photostat into evidence and defense attorney Emanuel Bloch trustingly conceded "that whatever the document there says, it was made in the regular course of business by the party whose records it comes from." There is no indication from the trial transcript that Bloch even looked at the photostat. It was a highly successful "fast brush show."

How does Nizer handle this pathetic incident in which a ruthless prosecutor outwitted a naive defense attorney? He fakes it. Nizer: "The government then produced the records of the Hotel Hilton in Albuquerque to show that Harry Gold had been there on June 3, 1945. . . ." Not a word about the exhibit being a photostat appears in the Nizer book!


Welcome Hilton Hotel
No 65841
6-3-45 1001

Hotel "registration card," a key prosecution exhibit

But in dealing with the summations in the case, Nizer drops his casual attitude about the card and treats it—as Saypol did—as a key piece of evidence. Nizer: "Saypol attacked Bloch's main thesis that there was no documentary evidence against the Rosenbergs."

Nizer then quotes Saypol as follows: "The veracity of David and Ruth Greenglass and of Harry Gold is established by documentary evidence and cannot be contradicted.

"You have in evidence before you the registration card from the Hotel Hilton in Albuquerque, which shows that he was registered there on June 3, 1945."

Some people who did not experience the '50s find it hard to comprehend how much that period differed from the present. One way of expressing the difference is to say that the '50s was a time when a "fast brush show" such as the Rosenberg-Sobell case or the Nizer book would work every time. Today eyes are open wider. It is interesting that when a book like *The Implosion Conspiracy* is looked at carefully, what one finds is not clever and sophisticated invention but—as with so many of the political cases of the '50s—crude fabrication that bespeaks a contempt for the audience. For Nizer, like the Watergate politicians, the times are out of joint. These are over-the-hill performers repeating their tired old routines, puzzled and disappointed that some of the audience has stopped cheering and started asking questions. ■

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VIETNAM VETERANS

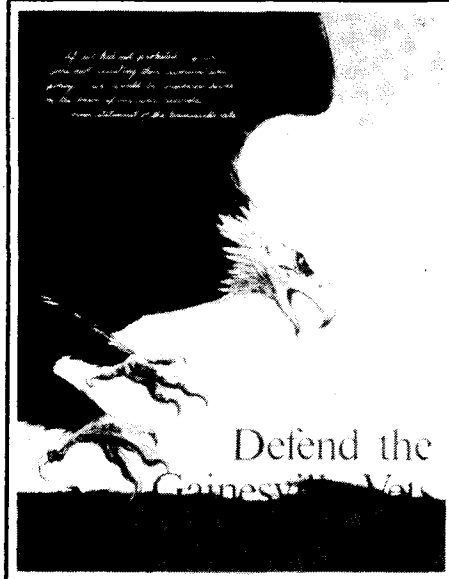
(*From page 27*)

Antonio; his step-father works for the telephone company, and so did he when he came back from Nam. Peter Mahoney, 24, of New York, is a former seminarian. Stanley Michelsen, 23, of Gainesville, is a student majoring in broadcasting. John Briggs, 21, the one non-veteran, also lives in Gainesville and works as a water-bed salesman.

Except for Briggs, these men went to war with at least their nominal share of idealism. In the beginning, it never occurred to them that they might not be the good guys in the fight—that God and history might not be America's automatic allies. Camil was typical, writing home to his mother as a young Marine in Vietnam, "There is a job here I know must be done." The letter was published in a local newspaper as a glowing example of a serviceman's patriotism, and by military standards they now reject, Camil and his fellow defendants acquitted themselves well in the war. Camil became a sergeant, stayed in Nam for 20 months, and earned two Purple Hearts. Kniffin also enlisted in the Marines and made sergeant. He served two tours in Nam. Mahoney was an Army lieutenant. Perdue was a Marine; Foss a Navy medic.

William Patterson enlisted in the Army and while in Vietnam was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, three Air Medals, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Palm Leaf, a Purple Heart, the Vietnamese Service Ribbon and Campaign Ribbon, the National Defense Ribbon, the Aerial Crew Member's Wing and the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

Since they enlisted in the anti-war movement, these men have participated in radical politics to varying degrees; for some the involvement has been a major, full-time commitment, and for others it has been marginal. Michelsen and Mahoney were part of the VVAW delegation that went to Paris in June 1972 and brought back the first photographs of North Vietnamese dikes bombed by the United States. Camil organized VVAW chapters all over Florida. Foss was the other extreme. Until shortly before his indictment, he was almost entirely apolitical, working as a truck driver.



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[THE SUSPICION GROWS]

Would one of the defendants themselves turn out to be yet another informer? The question is as unavoidable as it is unpleasant. "Of course we all wonder about it," one of the Gainesville Eight admitted recently in a private conversation. "Some of these guys have money, and they aren't working. . . . You could see the suspicion growing, until we just couldn't talk about it any more."

That, perhaps, is the ultimate accomplishment of a police state—not the knowledge that Big Brother is watching, but the fear that one's little brothers might be. It would be hard for the defendants not to be spooked. One after another, their fellow members have been exposed as spies:

First there was William L. Lemmer, 24, the VVAW coordinator at the University of Arkansas, an outspoken former paratrooper who ultimately exposed himself as a paid informer for the FBI. Next came Rudoff and Crenshaw, the Dade County sheriff's deputies, and Pablo Fernandez, the Miami Cuban. How many others there were is anybody's guess. Of six young men arrested during a VVAW demonstration at the GOP convention, five were not members, and cannot be found at addresses they gave then.

Don Perdue, the defendant who was VVAW coordinator in Broward County, Fla., remembers the man who showed up at meetings there, claiming to have been an Army captain in Nam. "He was into violence," Perdue recalls. "He said we could buy cases of grenades for $500 a case and he could get us the money from Mexico to buy whatever we needed. He said the money would come from a Castro bank account in Mexico City." After the indictments, the "Army captain" quietly vanished. So did another Broward County "veteran" who urged the VVAW to prepare for all-out war at the Miami Beach conventions.

Lemmer, the FBI informer from Arkansas, played on the same fears. Just before he disappeared into protective custody of the FBI last June, Lemmer confessed to his fellow veterans that he was an informer, and told them he had inside information there would be trouble at the conventions. It was after Lemmer and others fed the VVAW such scare stories that Fernandez made his approach about knowing where the veterans could buy sub-machine guns. But even with all that, the government case seems to be coming apart at the seams, with one informer after another exposing himself and discrediting his own potential testimony.

Lemmer has revealed that the Army offered him a psychiatric discharge while he was in the service, and his wife and others have disclosed that he had a history of mental instability.

Like Lemmer, Pablo Fernandez was scheduled as a government witness. Then he admitted being part of Bernard Barker's pre-Watergate team of Cubans who attacked anti-Administration demonstrators at the funeral of J. Edgar Hoover in Washington in May 1972. Fernandez's fellow Miami informer, Mrs. Rohan, has made matters even worse for the government. She has admitted being present on one occasion when Fernandez mentioned weapons to the VVAW, and "there was no indication whatso-

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ever that they wished or desired to purchase one single bullet."

Earlier, another government ploy failed when Rudoff and Crenshaw, the Dade deputies, and Gibbons, the Miami FBI agent, tried unsuccessfully to turn Alton Foss into a witness against his fellow defendants.

Weakened by a drug habit he acquired after he was wounded in Vietnam, Foss waivered. He made one statement at the Public Safety Department headquarters in Miami, then continued to talk as Gibbons hid him for a week in a motel and a rented apartment.

Ultimately, however, Foss decided he could not testify against the other seven. He refused to sign the statements he had dictated, and now says the government has changed them to make them untrue.

[A MYSTERIOUS BURGLARY]

Finally, in addition to all the disclosures about the informers, the FBI has been forced into an enigmatic admission concerning the alleged burglary of a VVAW film from a member's home in Jacksonville, Fla.

Anthony Sidell, 26, a student at the University of North Florida, is not a defendant in the conspiracy case, nor does he have a police record. But he is a Vietnam Veteran and a member of VVAW, and early this spring, a 16-mm film of the VVAW's 1971 "Winter Soldier Investigation" was stolen from his home. The documentary film depicted U.S. veterans confessing to Vietnam war crimes at a demonstration in Detroit. Prominent among them was Scott Camil, the Gainesville defendant.

Sidell told the Jacksonville Sheriff's Department he believed the film had been taken taken by two men who visited him the evening before the burglary. One of these men, Gene Thrasher, 23, of Jacksonville, had recently joined VVAW. His companion was identified only as David Williams, not a VVAW member.

When the *Miami Herald* investigated the incident, Thrasher denied having taken the film. He insisted that he worked for no government agency, that he had never informed on the VVAW, that he had joined because of "my own personal interest."

The Jacksonville Sheriff's Department confirmed that it had investigated the theft. But a spokesman there would say only that "we know who the perpetrator of the crime was, but it's out of our area of making an arrest—I can't divulge why."

Finally, when VVAW defense attorneys raised the issue in court, the prosecution produced an affidavit signed by FBI Special Agent Robert Pence of Washington. His sworn statement conceded that "Gene Thrasher gave the film to the FBI and the FBI subsequently delivered the film to the sheriff's office in Jacksonville." In addition, the FBI affidavit said that "Thrasher received a copy of the film from David Williams" and that "Thrasher had previously supplied information to the FBI in other matters."

At the same pre-trial hearing early this summer, a Gainesville lawyer, Carol Scott, told the court that her office had been burglarized early in July 1972, immediately before the VVAW defendants were indicted. Ms. Scott was at that time representing Scott Camil in another case. Her file

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on him was the only item missing.

The trial judge, U.S. District Judge Winston E. Arnow of Pensacola, was not impressed by any of this. Judge Arnow is a man of conservative mind. In pre-trial hearings, he banned television artists from his courtroom—and even ordered them not to sketch later from memory. (The ruling has been defied by CBS, provoking the judge to demand that the network show cause why it should not be held in contempt.) More important to the future of the Gainesville Eight, Judge Arnow was unmoved by the defense disclosures about the informers, the burglaries, and the possible links with Watergate. "There is nothing before this court but innuendo and supposition that does not even suggest government misconduct, much less prove it," Arnow said.

"The government," Arnow declared in a statement many may dispute, "is not on trial in this case." ■

INFORMERS

(*From page 24*)

how long the job took, how important was the information and how good he was in bargaining with the police.

"It would be like two merchants arguing over a piece of cloth. The one merchant would say $100 and the buyer would say, oh $75 and the other guy would say $85. So we'd always barter back and forth and I'd say forget it and walk out. And the cops would say, 'wait a minute, wait a minute, come on back, let's talk about it.'" Tackwood says that even when he wasn't working on a specific job for the police, he could always get some money from them.

But neither fear nor money are the sole reasons why people decide to pick such a peculiar way of life. Some informers and provocateurs like the excitement, the danger involved. They are convinced of their own brilliance, cocky about their ability to play the double agent role and enamored of the right to commit criminal acts with the sanction of the police.

And of course those who are convinced, totally, of their own patriotism and of how much the country is menaced by radicals, are proud to engage in any kind of act, including wiretapping, burglary and informing. Bob Wall, the ex-FBI agent, recalls with distaste arguing with one of his fellow FBI agents about the dangers in using a Cuban exile informer who proposed setting fire to the office of a Washington group which he had infiltrated. "The informant was crazy," says the ex-FBI man, "but the trouble was that the other agent was a fascist in his politics and was absolutely convinced that the Communist menace was going to take over tomorrow. So he let the informant go ahead and set fire to the building."

[DRASTIC NEW DEMANDS]

During the late '60s, all these types of informers, plus a few more, came into great demand to fill the shortage of people the government felt it needed to report about potential riot conditions in the black ghettoes. The government officials, sociologists and urban specialists concerned with ghetto problems believed their information would come from "informants," people either familiar over a period of years with a particular community or possessing particular insights which would enable them to communicate to others the sense, the mood of a community.

But the law enforcement agencies took on the assignment and to a police officer, an "informant" is an "informer," with all the ugly connotations that word possesses. So when the recruiting drive for informers began, the police turned, naturally, to their usual resources among either criminals or borderline types, the fringe elements in the ghettoes.

The use of criminal informants for spying on political and racial group wasn't restricted to local police forces, either. When White House officials asked, in late 1967, for continuous reports on ghetto conditions, the FBI took on the task of providing the information. Initially, each agent assigned to a racial squad was instructed to recruit one racial informer. That task wasn't too difficult since it was always possible to find some businessman in the ghetto willing to pass on rumors and gossip in exchange for small sums of money. But then Hoover demanded an increase in the amount of information flowing into his office, so the agents' informer quota was also increased—first to three and, in some offices, to ten.

In February 1968, all agents in one FBI office received a typical memo from the agent-in-charge stating that "It is essential that this office develop a large number of additional racial informants and that we continue to add and develop racial informants and exploit their potential during the months ahead . . . Whether or not a riot does occur, the Bureau holds us responsible to keep the Bureau, the Department and the White House advised in advance of each demonstration. The Bureau expects this coverage to come through informant sources primarily. In addition, we must advise the Bureau at least every two weeks of existing tensions which may trigger a riot. This type of information can only come from a widespread grass-roots network of sources coupled with active informant coverage by individuals who are members of subversive and revolutionary organizations. . ."

Manifestly, it was impossible for each agent, almost all of them white, to find ten black informers. To help them in their task, the Bureau instructed them to try recruiting informers from among returning black military personnel, from among students, and to convert their criminal informers into racial ones. But even those techniques failed to provide enough information, although it certainly did provide a lot of petty criminals with a lot of easy money, earned through the simple expedient of making up wild stories about groups and individuals preparing to start riots in the ghettoes.

And then in late July 1968, Hoover instructed "that all offices must now give serious and penetrative thought to methods for obtaining maximum productivity from the ghetto informants developed by each individual office."

The new increased demand for informers put a heavy strain on the FBI agents. Many of them had found it impossible to recruit ten informers in any way and had complied with their orders by simply picking out of the phone book ten names which they listed as informers. And when the agents were ordered to get "maximum productivity" from their informers, the FBI men filed fictitious reports from their equally fictitious informers.

The new police interest in student

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groups caused another great demand for informers, a demand which was met, in part at least, from among the conservative youth organizations. These groups supplied the police agencies with the names of students willing, for patriotic reasons, to infiltrate campus organizations and report back on their activities. Campus police forces and administrators also supplied the names of people willing, for patriotic reasons, to become informers.

Police officers themselves have provided an additional reservoir of potential spies. Most of the undercover policemen who masquerade as radicals or black militants or antiwar activists are young and inexperienced, assigned to undercover work while they are still in training and before they don a uniform and go out into the community where they will get to be known. These rookies are enthusiastic, anxious to please their superiors, and prone to take a glamorous view of such assignments. In addition, undercover work is widely considered a quick road to promotion: after Raymond Wood, a New York City undercover police officer, revealed an alleged plot by black militants to blow up the Statue of Liberty, he was promoted immediately to detective. It was only much later, at the militants' trial, that Wood's role as an instigator of the plot was exposed.

[INFORMERS PICK UP THE GUN]

Theoretically informers aren't supposed to participate in illegal activities. But to be successful, informers must maintain credibility in their masquerading role and that effort often requires making active efforts to block the entrance to a draft board headquarters, sitting down in the front ranks of a civil rights march, throwing rocks in a student demonstration, or shouting "Off the Pig" more loudly than anyone else at a demonstration protesting police brutality.

The seriousness of this problem emerges clearly from an FBI document stolen from the FBI office in Media, Pa. It points out that in a few instances, "security informants in the New Left got carried away during a demonstration, assaulted police, etc." The difficulty arises, according to the document, because while the FBI wants its informers to "rise to the maximum level of their ability in the New Left Movement," it cautions that informers "should not become the person who carries the gun, throws the bomb, does the robbery or by some specific violative, overt act becomes a deeply involved participant. This is a judgment area and any actions which seem to border on it should be discussed."

But in the real world, where bureaucratic regulations and directives must be ignored or manipulated, informers often carry out illegal activities with the knowledge of police officers. And even when law enforcement agents disapprove of their informers' criminal acts, they continue to employ the informers and protect them from prosecution: the FBI agent responsible for Boyd Douglas's activities insists that although he did not know or approve of Douglas's efforts to recruit seven people for illegal activities, he would still employ Douglas as an informer.

One reason Robert Wall, who was an FBI agent for five years, working in security investigations, resigned from the Bureau was because of the dilemma he, as an FBI agent, faced in these situations. "Officially, we always kept the informants to the line that we didn't want them to promote violence, we wanted them to be there and advise us of violence but we didn't want them to promote it or have them in the first line. In point of fact, however, when you have a small clique of people causing rock throwing, for example, and your informant is part of that group, he can't stand there and not throw rocks."

The process in which a law enforcement agency uses a police officer or an informer to encourage or plan actions which violate the law is itself illegal. Yet it goes on now, as it always has, when overly zealous police officers grow impatient because they have no excuse to arrest people who, in the police's judgment, are criminals.

How widespread is the practice of informers becoming provocateurs and encouraging or committing, repeatedly, illegal acts? The list of known instances include the following: one of the people most involved in encouraging the violence that accompanied the

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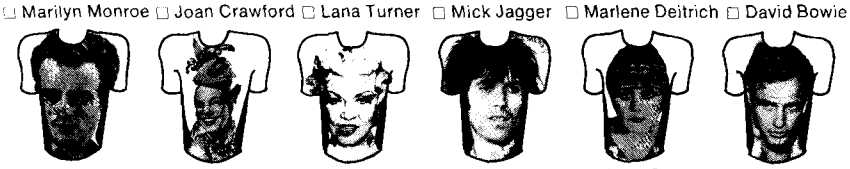

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Chicago Democratic Party Convention was actually an undercover police officer; two members of a national peace committee who always tried to push the group into confrontations with the police were both police provocateurs; a young man who provided a bomb to blow up a Seattle U.S. Post Office was an FBI and city police informer; another FBI informer burned buildings at the University of Alabama; police agents tried to incite violence at Yale University during the demonstrations of May 1971; a Chicano activist in Los Angeles who attempted to provoke his group into terrible acts of violence was an informer for the Treasury Department; the Weatherman group in Ohio was infiltrated by an informer who won a position for himself through advocacy of the most extreme forms of violence; the Black Panther Party "Minister of Defense" in Los Angeles, who helped bring about a shootout with the police, was actually a police informer; a New York City undercover police officer tried to convince a veterans' peace group that it should use violent tactics; another police provocateur, who had vandalized a state college campus, attempted to convert a San Diego peace march into a pitched battle with police; in upstate New York, an informer, who was on the FBI payroll, tried to set up a class to teach students at Hobart University how to make and use bombs; informers working for the FBI and local police set up a bombing attempt in Mississippi in an effort to kill two KKK members; a Chicago police informer provided the false tip which led to the killing of two Panther leaders there; a police informer led an illegal SDS sit-in at an Illinois college and later—claiming he was a Weatherman—helped to hurl the president of the college off the stage; a police informer attempted to force a militant Seattle group into taking on violent activities; two men who had led the shutting of a massive gate at Ohio State University and set off a violent confrontation with the police, were officers of the state highway patrol; and the false report claiming guns were stored in the Black Muslim Temple in Los Angeles came from a paid police informer, who claims he was instructed to make the report so that the police who employed him would have an excuse to raid the temple.

"Counter-intelligence" as it is loosely described within the "intelligence community" is another disruptive effort carried out by the informers and provocateurs. Here, the task is to skew an organization's basic political character, to change its direction even in a fundamental way, in order to either destroy it or disrupt the movement of which it is a part.

A classic case of such "counter-intelligence" was the letter allegedly sent by a black militant leader to an anti-war group planning a large-scale demonstration in Washington, D.C. The letter demanded that the anti-war group pay $20,000 in advance as reparations for the damage that might occur in the Washington ghetto because of the possible violence resulting from the march. The letter's effect on the anti-war group was exactly what the forger-author, an FBI agent, wanted: a bitter controversy erupted within the anti-war movement straining relations between it and the black militants.

How many of the other harsh quarrels which tore apart so much of the radical movement during the '60s was a product of "counter-intelligence?" Were, for example, some of the acerbic disputes which characterized the New Politics convention in 1967 created by government agents to make certain that the group's possible effectiveness was thwarted from its start? The list of such possibilities is frightening, indeed.

[AN OMINOUS NETWORK]

But informers and provocateurs cannot survive without informees, including those who help bring on their own disasters. The historian Epictetus described how the tyrant Tiberias Caeser mantained his control over the Romans: "in this fashion the rash are ensnared by the soldiers in Rome. A soldier, dressed like a civilian, sits down by your side and begins to speak ill of Caeser, and then, you, too, just as though you had received from him some guarantee of good faith in the fact that he began the abuse, tell likewise everything you think, and the next thing is—you are led off to prison in chains."

And precisely because they are rash, many people "are ensnared" today just as they were when the despot Tiberias ruled. During the recent past, loose and wild rhetoric about the need for violence was a characteristic of the radical movement, providing a milieu in which informers and provocateurs could flourish. Individual acts of violence were also carried out; store windows were smashed, police were assaulted and banks were bombed or burned.

Such actions provided provocateurs the opportunity to escalate the violence. In San Diego, California, an uncercover police officer became a key member of activist racial and anti-war groups, trying always to push them into violent confrontations with the police. One of his innocent victims, arrested later because of false information supplied by the police agent, ascribed the spy's success in entrapping individuals to the fact that "he was a hard worker and once he gained the confidence of the people, began to influence those around him, the younger, more gullible members of the organizations, to criminal and sometimes violent activities. He usually tried to redirect anything from peace marches to peaceful demonstrations into situations which could have resulted in violence."

The "more gullible" people are, the more easily they can be "ensnared." And the informer-provocateur finds it even easier to operate when vanity is added to gullibility, when even people wary of infiltrators are so convinced of their own intelligence they believe they can not only spot the informers, but win them over to the other side.

But all the "rash" victims trapped by their own complicity in the provocateurs' plans represent only a small part of those injured by the vast and institutionalized network of political informers. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of Americans are not even aware of the ominous fact they have been under surveillance and are now listed on a three by five index card or in a computer's memory bank. And the Watergate investigation has illuminated, in sudden, sharp flashes, the even more ominous, threatening contours of a world in which those responsible for law enforcement believe political radicalism and racial militance do not develop from the American social conditions but are created by

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enemy foreign governments.

James McCord acted as he did because he was convinced, by past training, of the accuracy of the reports he was given from what he described as "sensitive sources,": these reports asserted that "violence-oriented" groups were threatening life and property. Probably he never knew that in one of these allegedly "violence-oriented" groups, the "sensitive source" was a police informer, one of the men most vociferous in promoting violence in the entire organization.

"I was not there to think. I was there to follow orders, not to think," Bernard Barker, a committed anti-Communist, told the Senators to justify his participation in the Ellsberg and Watergate burglaries. But Barker did think—he was and is still convinced that what he did was "proper" to protect his vision of "national security."

And so we return, full circle, all around the mulberry bush, back to where we started. FDR and James McCord, both acting out of concern for the "national interest," both become involved in illegal and unconstitutional acts. During the '30s, an obscure, miniscule Marxist group to which I belonged was infiltrated by a government informer whose lies about the organization contributed to the later repressive atmosphere of the country. In the '70s, the same kind of lies were told by a government informer about the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, lies which were believed by James McCord.

Perhaps if Watergate does nothing else, it will strip the rhetoric from the reality, will reduce the verbiage to the essence of the matter: each administration in our government acts to protect *itself* from those it considers to be *its* enemies; each administration identified itself as *the* guardian of the national interest and each administration arrogates to itself the right to protect that interest in the ways *it* deems proper.

Yet, perhaps now the possibility exists that many Americans, seeing and hearing Watergate in its true garb of sanctimonious, hypocritical patriotism, will conclude, even reluctantly, that the institutions of government have become dysfunctional. If that happens, if Americans shake, if they lose the past certainty of their government's absolute moral superiority and rectitude, it's conceivable that the Watergate revelations may help bring about a transformation of the same social system which produced the operation. ■

FARMWORKERS

(*From page 30*)

workers to do the work of 20. Chavez instituted a hiring hall where workers were given jobs on the basis of seniority. Growers had to order labor through the hiring hall where the worker picked up his dispatch card. Without a dispatch card he couldn't work. While it had the effect of tightening the union's control over its members, the hiring hall also went a long way toward stabilizing the labor force. It was an essential and far-reaching change and as such was the primary cause of friction between growers and the union.

Growers usually cite two reasons for turning to the Teamsters. First, they claim that local UFW officials were antagonistic, spiteful, abrasive. Second, they say the union was administratively inept—an argument which even sympathetic reporters have accepted. Lionel Steinberg, the biggest grower in the valley and one of the two who signed with the UFW, has been widely quoted as saying that if the union had administered its affairs better, the growers would have rushed to sign new contracts.

Chavez doesn't think so. "The problem is we signed a damned contract and found the growers couldn't live up to the damned thing," he says heatedly. "We enforce our contracts. They know it. We came here in December for pre-negotiating sessions and they were ready to stab us in the back. They'd come up to me and say, 'Cesar, I have this little problem: I've got a foreman whose brother-in-law needs a job. Can you help us out?' I told them no, the seniority system doesn't work that way. Or they'd say, 'It's only a minor thing but do we have to have all those toilets out there in the fields?' The little things we didn't give in on. If we sign a contract we have to live up to it. They tried to fire union men without cause and we said, 'Shit no.'"

"We have over 500 grievances that were never acted upon; that's the problem. The growers didn't want to handle any grievances. They just signed the contracts to get away from the boycott. They no more wanted those contracts than the man in the moon."

Chavez and other union officials concede that the union had growing pains. To expect a union of untrained, unskilled farmworkers to be transformed into a smooth-running organization overnight is too much to expect. As he says, "You know, 9,000 different people work in the Coachella Valley—some of them do thinning, pruning or picking. It's a damned mess, it's a shame how this industry works. We have to refashion the whole hiring pattern. It's going to change and maybe Coachella Valley will be the place."

One thing is certain: if the Teamsters win there won't be any changes. They epitomize a labor movement that has gone flabby from success and too often works for employers and not union members. Yet this has come to be taken for granted. In this case, moreover, the Teamsters are breaking up another union in their attempt to capitalize on the fears of the reactionary growers. The best example of this came in the early days of the Coachella strike when Teamster members shoved farmworkers back into the fields after they had heeded UFW calls to join the strike. It was a tragic scene that summed up not only the nature of the alliance between Teamsters and growers, but also the powerful forces Chavez faces.

A comparison of the UFW and Teamster contracts reveals minor differences in the basic wages and fringe benefits. The Teamster pacts have a base wage of $2.30 for pickers, a ten-cent-an-hour employer contribution to the pension fund, employer-funded unemployment compensation and a health and welfare plan. The UFW has a base of $2.40 an hour with higher wages for irrigators and tractor drivers, a smaller pension contribution and similar unemployment compensation and health plans.

It is on the question of control of the workforce that the real differences appear between the Teamsters and Farmworkers. The labor contracting system is not only countenanced but

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encouraged by the Teamsters. They allow what has been shown to be an exploitive system to continue intact.

There is also a difference in attitude toward the health of workers and the risks of pesticide poisoning. According to a proviso in the Teamster pacts, "The company agrees to strictly abide and strictly comply with all applicable federal and state laws, rules and regulations promulgated for the health and safety of the employees." Having the sanction of such laws would seem to be a reasonable approach except when one realizes that according to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, several hundred farmworkers die of pesticide poisonings each year. The UFW contracts, on the other hand, specifically limit the extent of pesticide use and establish a health and safety committee at each ranch to deal with the problem. Such chlorinated hydrocarbons as DDT, DDD and 2, 4-D are banned and more lethal organo-phosphates such as parathion or malathion can be used only under carefully prescribed rules. Moreover, each grower must keep extensive records on each application of any economic poison.

[ON THE PICKET LINE]

At 6:30 a.m. the sun begins to sneak over the Orocopia Mountains that wall in the Coachella Valley. For more than an hour and a half the pickets have been at the Harry Carian Ranch, waving their banners and yelling to workers to come out of the fields. The day begins at 4:30 a.m. when the farmworkers gather in darkness at the Coachella City Park. The union's system of infiltration has told them which places are being worked today and picket captains lead an automobile convoy to those ranches.

Harry Carian, who grows 300 acres of grapes, is standing at the edge of his vineyard with his Filipino crewboss, looking at the 250 UFW pickets and muttering to himself. He is almost a cartoon of the grower. Dressed in a blue shirt, white patent leather boots, powder blue pants, and a white belt, he occasionally puffs a six-inch-long cigar and stands looking at the scene like a *patron.* A visitor asks if he fears the kind of boycott that bankrupted several of his friends. "We'd have to be fools to go through this again intentionally," he says grandly. "There had to be a reason, and it's right out here." He sweeps his hand across the fields. "We just felt the workers wanted the Teamsters more than Chavez."

"Hey Harry," shouted a picket, "You think you got problems with your wife now, wait until we get through with you. You won't even be able to afford to go to that fancy hairdresser of yours." Carian ignores him. "A lot of the workers were just plain disgruntled," he said. "The union tried to run their personal lives. They'd get fined for missing a meeting or not going to picketing duty. You know we wanted elections back in 1969 and 1970 and Chavez didn't feel it was necessary. We wanted very seriously to renegotiate a contract this year, but we couldn't get him to sit down."

The sights, the sounds, the smells are out of the past. Sheriff's cars patrol up and down the road, deputies occasionally getting out of their cars to watch. The loudspeakers blare out a Spanish message to the workers inside to come out of the fields and join the strike. The UFW women with their red bandanas and straw hats carry UFW banners. The men, their wrinkled faces reflecting years of backbreaking toil, yell at the workers in the field.

Sixty feet away (a court ordered distance) are Teamster "guards," as they call themselves. A past era of labor would have called them "strikebreaking goons," for they are there only to intimidate. "I feel sorry for these people," one of them wearing a hard hat said. "You know they've been brainwashed. They don't know anything about the Teamsters' contracts. If they did they wouldn't be out here. I think I've got an open mind. When I first came out here I felt sorry for these people. I thought Chavez was right. These people just don't understand that we've got a good union and that we can help them. Nobody told me to come out here. Hell, they pay me $50 a day plus $17.50 for expenses, but I could net more money driving a truck. I'm here to help my brothers, not to start trouble."

These truck drivers are sometimes joined by a fearsome group of freight handlers from Los Angeles who are called "the animals" by their fellow Teamsters, and whose demeanor is closer to a Hells' Angel Chapter than to the blue collar worker. They have bulging biceps and bellies, and often start swigging beer by 7 a.m. One morning a group of about ten of them walked into a restaurant and spotted a UFW supporter who happened to be a priest without his cloth. Father John Bank of Youngstown, Ohio was having breakfast with *Wall Street Journal* reporter William Wong of San Francisco. Two of the Teamsters began taunting Bank and after ten minutes Bank suggested in classic understatement that they would be well cast in a B-grade movie. Whereupon a 6'4", 300-pounder named Mike Falco smashed Bank in the face, breaking his nose, and then turned to ask the terrified Wong if he had anything to say. Fitzsimmons' rationale for the appearance of these men is that they are "guarding their Mexican-American fellow members because the minute they turn their backs the Chavistas are entering the fields and beating up the grape workers."

Whenever the UFW loudspeakers begin blaring, Ray Griego, a San Diego Teamster, wheels up in his blue Dodge, equipped with its own speaker system. Griego, wearing a Spanish picador's hat, struts in front of the pickets like a rooster preening himself for a cockfight. He likes to taunt the pickets about the "easy virtues" of UFW women. But his favorite device is a cassette tape recording of the song, "Bye, Bye Blackbird" that he inserts in the tape recorder on the hood of his car. It is an oblique reference to the union's Aztec eagle symbol. "Pack up all your cares and woe, here I go winging low. . . . Bye, Bye Blackbird.

[UNION BUSTING]

The history of Teamster union busting can be traced back to the summer of 1970 when Chavez had just finished signing his historic agreements with the Delano growers. For several months his organizers had been working the lettuce fields of Salinas, preparing to take on those growers when the grape contracts were concluded. Naturally, the lettuce growers were apprehensive. In late July the growers approached the Teamsters, who represent their truck

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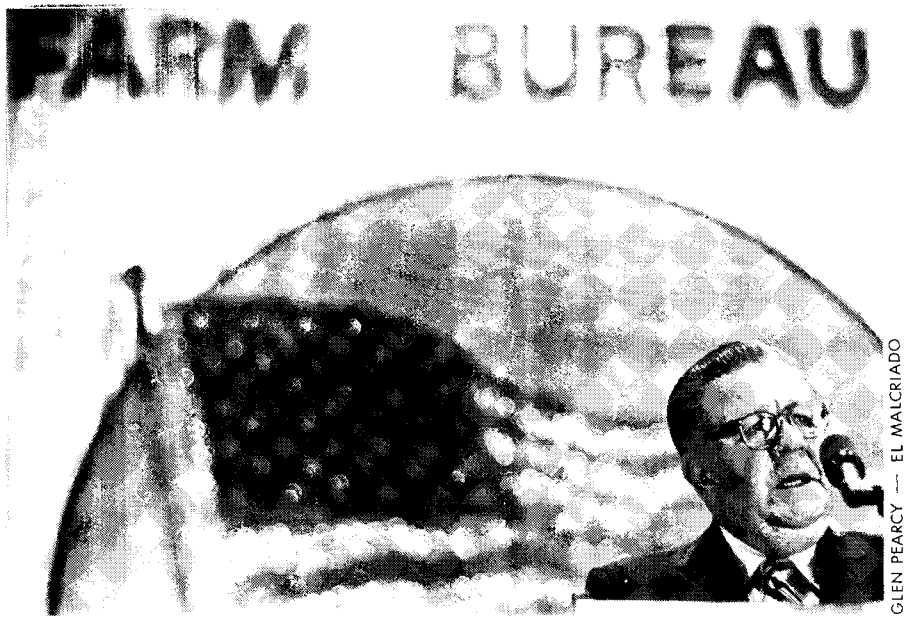
drivers and equipment operators, and felt them out about representing the field hands. Working swiftly, the two sides concluded recognition agreements and more than 200 contracts were signed. When Chavez signed up the Delano growers he was presented with a *fait accompli* in Salinas.

That August he called the most successful strike in U.S. farm history, pulling more than 5,000 workers out of the fields and paralyzing the "nation's salad bowl" at the peak of harvest. He went to jail to protest a restrictive Monterey County court order that prohibited strike activities because of an alleged jurisdictional dispute. Last December the California Supreme Court voided that injunction and found there was no jurisdictional dispute because the growers had made no attempt to find out what their workers wanted.

Out of the lettuce dispute emerged an agreement that left field hands to the UFW and food handlers and processors to the Teamsters. Additionally, those growers who had signed with the Teamsters were invited to give up their contracts and execute new ones with Chavez. Only five did. The jurisdictional agreement, which does not expire until next year, was repeatedly violated by the Teamsters and long ago fell into disuse.

At that point—late 1970—Chavez appeared to be on an inexorable march toward unionizing all of California agriculture, but in the next year the UFW ran into serious difficulties. In early 1971 he began negotiating with the remaining lettuce growers in an effort to reach an accord. The negotiations, which apparently never got off dead center, were called off nine months later. According to insiders, the Teamsters Director of Organizing, William Grami, was telling the lettuce growers to hold out as long as they could because the Teamsters would be reentering the farm labor field soon.

By late 1971 Chavez was determined to move against the lettuce growers with a nationwide boycott. But in California he was severely hampered by the Monterey Court order, still on appeal. Just as the boycott was to be started in the rest of the country, the National Labor Relations Board, in a politically inspired move, sued the union, charging that it was



GLEN PEARCY — EL MALCRIADO

Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons

covered by the National Labor Relations Act and that therefore any boycotting would be illegal. The union had acquired some winery workers in the Napa Valley and the NLRB was now saying that a law that had not applied to farmworkers for 37 years was now in force. In the end, the UFW dropped the winery workers and the NLRB dropped the suit.

Then the union launched its boycott on national television at the National Democratic Convention, where delegation after delegation pitched in with shouts of "boycott lettuce." But just as the boycott was picking up strength, the growers once again forced the union into a critical test. Using what were later found to be fraudulent methods, the growers' representatives solicited enough signatures to put Proposition 22 on California's November ballot. It was labelled the "Farm Labor Relations Initiative," but in reality it was a Farm Bureau-sponsored measure that would have made it impossible to unionize the state's farmworkers. The boycott was shunted aside while all available manpower was thrown into defeating the proposition—a successful but costly effort.

At the same time it was fighting the proposition, the union was striking White River Farms near Delano, the successor to Schenley Industries which had signed the union's first contract in 1966. White River, owned by Buttes Gas & Oil Co., refused to negotiate a new contract. It lost $1 million in the harvest but succeeded in beating back a bitter and sometimes violent strike. So here it was, November 1972, and the union, confronted at every turn by grower and government opposition, had not moved much farther from the position it had occupied in July 1970.

What happened in the next few months can best be described in retrospect as the "Nixon connection." For the sequence of events shows that the growers were already looking toward the Teamsters and that further, the Nixon Administration was all too willing to help consummate this marriage of convenience.

In early December of last year, Fitzsimmons went to Los Angeles to address the annual convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation. It was astonishing enough that Fitzsimmons would talk to these disciples of William McKinley and Rutherford B. Hayes. But when he suggested an alliance of agribusiness and the Teamsters to put Chavez out of business it was clear he was no ordinary labor leader.

How did Fitzsimmons happen to go to the convention? Laurence H. Silberman, the undersecretary of labor, has acknowledged he called Fitzsimmons last fall and told him the Farm Bureau would be interested in hearing his views on a number of subjects—including farm labor. This is the same Silberman who dropped the Administration's support of compulsory arbitration legislation in transportation strikes after the Teamsters dumped a suitcase full of money in Nixon's election kitty.

The Administration proved obliging in other ways. The Justice Department, for example, delayed a San Francisco Grand Jury investigation of payoffs by

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the growers to Teamsters during the 1970 lettuce strike in Salinas, in which witnesses testified that $5,000 bundles were handed over to the Teamsters to pay for protection; in addition, it called off FBI agents who were watching closely the budding friendship of Fitzsimmons and Mafia members who have moved into Southern California.

The day following the Farm Bureau speech, Fitzsimmons flew to San Francisco where he and Western Conference head Einar Mohn, once one of Dave Beck's most trusted assistants, announced they would renegotiate the lettuce contracts two years before they expired.

But before doing that the Teamsters offered Chavez a deal, relaying the message through the National Catholic Bishops Committee on Farm Labor: the Teamsters would not go after the grape growers if Chavez would give up his efforts to sign up the lettuce growers. According to UFW attorney Jerry Cohen, the deal was rejected out of hand. In January, the new lettuce contracts were announced and the Teamsters went after the grapes.

Can Chavez prevail against these forces? Before he received the AFL-CIO grant there were grave doubts. Now there is greater optimism. The strike underway in Coachella is taking hold. One grower said the growers will be lucky to get half the crop picked. Another said much of it will be "garbage" because of the untrained workers in the vineyards and cool weather. The Teamsters and growers talk of importing Mexican nationals with temporary visas if, as it appears, there are not enough workers to pick the crop. But Coachella will be only one phase of the struggle. As the weather turns warmer, the strike will move into the San Joaquin Valley, where the most recalcitrant growers operate.

Public opinion will play a great part in determining the ultimate winner. Once again Chavez is counting on a boycott of non-UFW grapes to bring the growers to their senses. But is the public so mesmerized by other events—Watergate and inflation, to name two—that the boycott will go unnoticed? It is an open question. At least one historian of the farm labor movement and one of its leaders in the 1950s, Ernesto Galarza, believes that a movement built on boycotts cannot sustain itself. "This strategy depends entirely on the union's ability to mobilize, on a national scale, people who are not in day-to-day contact with the union. I don't think the machinery for that kind of thing has been built by Chavez." Another unknown factor is the reported meetings between Frank Fitzsimmons and George Meany about the situation. No one knows whether any settlement between the two labor moguls will be satisfactory to the UFW.

But Chavez has the farmworkers with whom he has fought and won dubious battles in the past. "I don't think the growers know what they've gotten themselves into," he said. "We may not know how to organize growers, but we can organize farmworkers. That's our stock-in-trade." ■

COLD WAR

(From page 40)

In this way, the revisionist case soon became a basic text not only for students, but for a growing number of junior faculty, and a second generation of revisionist books and monographs began to make their appearance. The cold war critics had ceased to be intellectual pariahs, and it was no longer possible to simply ignore their arguments, nor to dismiss them out of hand, as had previously been the rule. The new reality was quickly impressed on Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., when he intemperately remarked in a letter to the *New York Review of Books* (October 1966), that it was time to "blow the whistle" on cold war revisionism. The following autumn, seven years after the first major revisionist works of Williams and Fleming, the first substantial confrontation with the revisionist case appeared in an article in *Foreign Affairs,* written by Schlesinger, Jr. himself.

[ORTHODOX CHAMPION]

Schlesinger, Jr. was in many ways an ideal candidate for the task of reasserting an orthodox stance towards the revisionist critique. A member of the Council on Foreign Relations, a former White House advisor, and one of the outspoken critics of Beard's book on Roosevelt when it

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first appeared, Schlesinger, Jr. had written one of the seminal cold war manifestos calling for liberalism's embrace of the anti-Communist crusade. In *The Vital Center* (1949), Schlesinger, Jr. argued that "we are in the great world to stay," and dismissed the critics of America's global interventionism with the same cavalier sweep that he tried to use against the revisionists two decades later. "No one need argue the interventionist-isolationist debate any more" he wrote. "With the death of Professor Beard, isolationism lost its last trace of intellectual respectability." America's cold war strategy "inevitably concentrated . . . on the problem of checking Soviet expansion"; containment was "the prevention of overt Communist aggression against states not now under Communist domination."

The appearance of Schlesinger Jr.'s article in *Foreign Affairs* revealed the seriousness of the plight of liberal history and the liberal perspective in the face of the revisionist critique. For despite Schlesinger's obligatory concession of some main points of the revisionist case ("It seems hard . . . to deny that American postwar policy created genuine difficulties for the Russians and even assumed a threatening aspect for them"), he relied heavily on the hoary illusions of the old vision: the idealism of American leaders on the one side, and the non-traditional nature of the Soviet State—totalitarian, ideological, expansionist, and not amenable to rational compromise—on the other. As a result of the detailed revisionist analysis of the historical record, however, Schlesinger was forced to concede some of the old case, in particular admitting that Stalin was a "pragmatist" as well as an ideologue. In fact, "Roosevelt intuitively understood that Stalin was the *only* lever available to the West against the Leninist ideology and the Soviet system." Here Schlesinger introduced a *deus ex machina* to save the orthodox case. Stalin may have been a pragmatic realist, but he was also "a man of deep and morbid obsessions and compulsions," so that "in the end, nothing could satisfy Stalin's paranoia." One man's paranoia, ultimately, caused the cold war.

This hypothesis certainly saved a lot of arduous analytic effort (begging almost any question that might be raised about concrete actions and specific agreements), but in the end it was not really a viable thesis on which an alternative analysis of cold war history, or an alternative basis for liberal commitment, could be constructed. After asking rhetorically whether anyone supposed that "any conceivable American policy would have succeeded in satisfying Stalin's paranoia," Schlesinger concluded his article with the observation that Secretary of State Marshall did not give up hope of a *modus vivendi* until 1947, and "even then, the Soviet Union was invited to participate in the Marshall Plan." This only served to show how unwise it was for Schlesinger to bring his thesis down from the realm of abstract speculation into the arena of specific explanation. For as former State Department official Charles Bohlen has recently revealed, and as several revisionists had previously suggested, the Marshall Plan was explicitly designed to make Soviet participation impossible.

[NEW TACTICS, A NEW DIRECTION]

Five years after the *Foreign Affairs* article, the liberal internationalists had made no further advance in constructing an intellectually viable vision of the postwar American expansion. Following the re-election of the President in November 1972, Schlesinger, Jr. again ventured into the controversy, this time in the *Wall Street Journal.* Once again the paranoia thesis was reserved for the feature role. Significantly, however, in this article written after the President's Peking and Moscow visits, the revised perception of the original Communist menace was even more easily assimilated, and it was conceded that "the Soviet Union was acting more on defensive grounds and on local considerations than the West realized" in the early postwar period. The swing in current American policy had brought its liberal apologists that far in their adjustment to the historical record, and their concessions to the revisionist critics.

It also provided the occasion for a new direction in the attack on the revisionists and a new tactic in mounting the assault. The question of Soviet policy was no longer to be a major source of dispute (we are all co-existers now). The line of respectability would be drawn across "the other part of the revisionist argument," the part that identified the springs of American expansionism in its corporate capitalist economy, that looked back through the prism of the cold war conflict to the wider arch of America's imperial development, from the occupation of the continental domain to the 20th Century thrust

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into overseas frontiers. This path of analysis was taken by the "open-door wing" of revisionism (as Schlesinger, Jr. termed it), whose intellectual figures were Charles Beard and William Appleman Williams, and whose basic perspective Schlesinger, Jr. baldly misrepresented as "reducing everything to economic motives."

It was in the course of introducing the open-door revisionists that Schlesinger, Jr. unveiled the new tactic in the attack on the revisionist school: a frontal assault on its academic scholarship. "Unable to find much concrete evidence of commercial motivation," Schlesinger observed, the open-door revisionists ("this includes as far as I can see, most of them") have "on occasion resorted to what can only be called an unscrupulous manipulation of the documents."

One has to admire, first of all, the audacity of the move. For the better part of two decades, against powerful opposition and often at immense personal and professional cost, the so-called revisionists carefully and painstakingly documented an interpretation of the historical record whose validity even their opponents were eventually compelled to admit. On the other hand, those who opposed them, and were honored with high status in the academy and privileged access to classified sources, were at the very least guilty of systematically misreading and misrepresenting the historical record (including, of course, Schlesinger himself, who endorsed "the brilliant and indispensable series by Herbert Feis" in his 1967 article). In these circumstances, to charge the *revisionists* with unscrupulous tampering with the evidence required a considerable dose of arrogance—or was it just the normal quotient of that studied superiority which one acquires with membership in a world-dominant elite?

In any event, Schlesinger's remark was no thrust in the dark, but the thin edge of a carefully constructed anti-revisionist wedge. "Professor R. J. Maddox of Pennsylvania State University," as Schlesinger casually informed his *Journal* readers, "has undertaken the tedious task of tracing footnotes back to sources in revisionist history; and the result of his labors, soon to be published by the Princeton University Press, under the title *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War,* is a quiet but devastating indictment of revisionist scholarship." What Schlesinger neglected to inform his readers was that Maddox was not merely a lonely laborer in the vineyard of scholarly rectitude, but had been encouraged in his effort by one of the principals in the controversy: Herbert Feis. Moreover, not only Feis, but George Kennan, now at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, former State Department planner Eugene Rostow, and Schlesinger himself, had all joined as a lobby for its publication, despite the doubts and hesitations of more objective readers.

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[A VERY CURIOUS BOOK]

On any reading, *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War* (which characteristically is about neither the New Left nor the origins of the cold war) is a curious book. Where Schlesinger, Jr. was cautious in limiting his charges about "unscrupulous manipulation" to occasional instances and to (alleged) efforts to prove the economic motivation of U.S. policymakers, Maddox' recklessness knows no bounds. The works of the revisionist historians "*without exception* are based upon pervasive misusages of the source materials." (Maddox' emphasis) "Although the frequency varies from volume to volume, even the best fails to attain the most flexible definition of scholarship." William Appleman Williams uses techniques similar to those of "sensational tabloids" to create a result which is "largely divorced from reality." D. F. Fleming is reproved for a two-volume effort "shot through with factual errors" and "unreliable as a scholarly work." An examination of the sources on which Gar Alperovitz' *Atomic Diplomacy* is based "reveals that the book is unable to withstand scrutiny." *The Free World Colossus* is dismissed as "little more than a polemic with footnotes." Gabriel Kolko's *Politics of War* "contains an enormous number of factual errors" and presentations which are "wildly inaccurate on every level." Diane Shaver Clemens abandoned the role of historian for that of "prosecutor" and constructed "a brief in which she disregarded the most elementary scholarly procedures." Finally, in *Architects of Illusion,* Lloyd Gardner has provided an example of "history by irrelevant evidence, misused quotations, jumbled figures, and distortions of documentary materials," and the result is "a book that is in many ways itself based on illusion."

Maddox is almost pathologically unable to place an argument in context or to present an author's intentions fairly. He has difficulty in even drawing a coherent picture of the works and historians under attack. Gardner's book is praised as "the most sophisticated and convincing account of how the Cold War began from the

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New Left point of view," but one sentence later is characterized as "a compendium of myths invented by earlier revisionist writers [with] an impressive number developed by Gardner himself." (It should probably be noted in passing that Gardner's book is not an "account of how the Cold War began," but a portrait of ten American policymakers during the crucial years 1941-1949. Subtitled "Men and Ideas in American Foreign Policy," it is an effective refutation of Schlesinger's misrepresentation—to which Maddox strictly adheres—that the "open-door revisionists" reduce everything to economic motivation.)

In the chapter on William A. Williams we are told that "it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that much of the existing revisionist, or 'New Left' literature on the subject amounts to little more than extended footnotes on interpretations Williams first put forward." But then we learn that D. F Fleming is neither an open-door revisionist of the Williams school nor a "New Leftist" at all. He is a Wilsonian liberal who "blamed individuals" for the onset of the Cold War. To compound the confusion we are told that my own account of the Cold War's origins "can best be described as a skeletonized version of D. F. Fleming's work without the latter's moderation."

To execute a work so implausibly sweeping in its accusations and so confused in its presentation requires more than an ordinary amount of malice and less than an ordinary quota of intelligence, and Maddox seems to have been endowed with both. A former history student at the University of Wisconsin, the academic crucible of open door revisionism, Maddox studied under William Appleman Williams and alongside Lloyd Gardner. (While the practice is usual in academic works, Maddox' education is nowhere mentioned in the endpapers or on the jacket covers of his book.) Maddox eventually left the Ph.D. program at Wisconsin when he failed twice to pass his written examinations, but with the help of Williams was able to enroll as a graduate student at Rutgers. He completed his Ph.D. at Rutgers and also watched his former classmate Gardner (described by Maddox in *The New Left and the Origins* . . . as having "squandered his gifts") become chairman of the Rutgers history department. The fact that Maddox places the chapters on Williams and Gardner at the beginning and end of his volume, and that the first is described as the main source of all the revisionist critiques, and the latter as their summation, suggests the existence of motives for Maddox' book that are not spelled out on the surface.

[THE REAL ISSUE]

No such personal animus guides Kennan and Schlesinger, who have lent their prestige to the publication and promotion of Maddox' diatribe. "The liberties taken with historical evidence in much of recent literature about the origins of the Cold War are quite shocking," George Kennan is quoted on the dust jacket, "and Mr. Maddox has performed a needed service in bringing them to public attention."

What is at stake, of course, is not a definition or rectification of historical scholarship. Neither Kennan nor Schlesinger, Jr. have themselves been concerned with, nor made any contribution to, postwar historical scholarship in even the most charitable sense. What is at stake is something more important. "The argument between the revisionists and their adversaries," as Ronald Steel has pointed out, "is really about the meaning of America and the validity of the nation's image of itself." The real source of the campaign behind Maddox' book is indicated late in its argument, when it invokes a survey conducted in 1971, in which history professors were asked to name those books which had the greatest effect on students "sharply critical of contemporary U.S. foreign policy." (The mere existence of such a survey, which was reported at a meeting of the Organization of American Historians, speaks tomes about the political and academic atmosphere in Nixon America.) According to Maddox, the authors cited most frequently in the survey were William Appleman Williams, Gabriel Kolko, Gar Alperovitz and myself. It is the menace of such critical sentiments to the continuing recruitment of elite talents in the service of America's imperial machine that causes the mandarins' concern.

The present problem for the liberal advocates of American globalism is that they have invested so much of their intellectual and moral capital in the apologetics, defense and rationalization of America's empire, and in the articulation of its catastrophic policies, that they have nothing left over with which to build a viable alternative vision. It is almost as though there is nothing left for men like Schlesinger and Kennan but to wreak the same havoc on the world of ideas that they have already wreaked on the world of fact. For Vietnam has buried once and for all the illusions on which their cold war crusade was based. The "vital center" of American liberalism is now revealed as no more than a sophisticated buttress for the military-corporate leviathan. The defection of Daniel Ellsberg from the technical control center of the American empire provides in its way an illuminating symbol against which to measure the failure of Schlesinger and Kennan and of the liberalism they represent. Ellsberg's action could have been the moral pivot of a new liberal rejection of the postwar course of empire. Instead he has been a Quixotic figure, somewhat like the later Beard, standing apart from his liberal peers and braving his conservative critics in splendid but instructive isolation. ■

A point-by-point refutation of Maddox' book may be obtained by writing Davidd Horowitz, c/o Ramparts.

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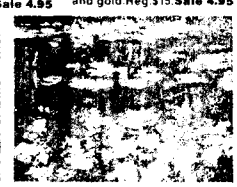
722.ROUSSEAU.VIRGIN FOREST. In cool,deep jungle shades of green,tan, black,yellow & blue.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**



445.MONET.WATER LILIES. Pale violet,deep green and yellow ochre in restful hues of blue.Reg.$9.**Sale 4.95**

853.THE EMPEROR Chinese gold,red,blue green.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

204.MODIGLIANI:SKETCH IN RED Sale 4.95

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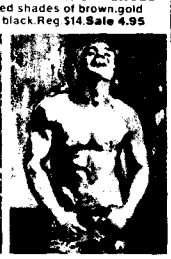
367.MILLET.THE ANGELUS. Musty autumn shades of golden harvest brown green,yellow & orange.Reg.$12.**Sale4.95**

828.VAN GOGH:OLD SHOES Muted shades of brown,gold and black.Reg $14.**Sale 4.95**

271.VAN GOGH:STARRY NIGHT 4.95. Mounted 6.95.

291.REMBRANDT:YOUNG WARRIOR. Deep umber,black,brown & burnished gold.Reg.$9.**Sale 4.95**

313.PICASSO.DANCE OF PEACE. Yellow,brown,green on pure white.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**



826.ROUSSEAU.MONKEYS. Jungle greens,blue black.Reg.$14.**Sale 4.95**

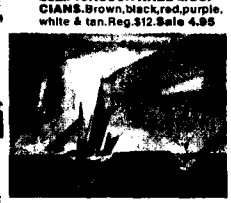
841.KLEE.TOMCAT. Rusty browns,gold,black,amber yellow.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

827.REMBRANDT:LION RESTING. Masterful brown & black brushstrokes on antique beige.Reg.$15. **Sale 4.95**

747.MONET.GIVERNY GARDENS. Shades of soft,pale blue, & yellow gold.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

803.JOCK. Young,fresh, virile in springtime colors.Reg.$13.**Sale 4.95**

252.PICASSO.THREE MUSICIANS. Brown,black,red,purple, white & tan.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**



807.MICHELANGELO.CREATION OF MAN. Soft flesh tones,pastel colors.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

769.RYER.LOVERS. Rich browns,flesh & golden yellows.Reg.$10.**Sale 4.95**

264.MONET:SUNFLOWERS Warm shades of red,green,yellow & blue.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

443.VAN GOGH.HOUSE AT AUVERS. Green,red,blue,summer yellows.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

757.FEININGER.WESTERN SEA Nautical blue,green,beige,tan and white.Reg.$13.**Sale 4.95**

746.PICASSO.HOMAGE TO THE SUN. Bright lines in red,blue,green, yellow on pure white.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

701.KLEE.SENECIO. Red orange,yellow, pink,white beige.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

857. MONET.FIELDS IN SPRING Golden yellows,blues,greens,tan and soft beige.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

818.BRADLEY.PETIT FILLE In antique red,gold,flesh on deep black.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

752.VAN GOGH.PEACH TREE Soft,pale gold,blue,pink,and light brown.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

836.VAN GOGH.CROWS OVER CORNFIELD Stormy blues,harvest gold,green,tan,white. 16 x33 .Reg.$25.**Sale 9.95.Mounted 12.95.**

729.REDON.SPRING BOUQUET. Magical wisps of rainbow colors.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

401.BOSCH.GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS Depicting the caprices & vices of man in symbolic form.Shades of red,green,blue,yellow & tan.23"x35" Reg.$20.**Sale 6.95. Also available stretched 12.95**

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